

# SELECT REVIEWS.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Elisabeth, ou les Exilés de Sibérié. Par Mme. Cottin. A Paris. Réimprimé à Londres. Elizabeth; or the Exiles of Siberia: A tale founded on facts. From the French of Madame Cottin. M. Carey, Philadelphia. 1808. 12mo. pp. 262.

WE are not, in general, particularly fond of novels founded on fact; but we must make an exception in favour of any thing so well executed as that which is now before us. The daughter of a wretched exile in Siberia had the courage and filial piety to undertake and to perform a journey to Petersburg, for the purpose of soliciting her father's liberty. This achievement, worthy of immortality, is the groundwork of Madame Cottin's tale, and we give her no mean praise in saying that she has done full justice to its merits. In one only respect is she unfaithful to her model. She has diminished, in her ideal picture, the dangers which the true heroine actually surmounted, from the fear, as she informs us, of incurring the charge of extravagance. This, therefore, must add one to the many instances, in which the miracles of truth have soared above the level of fiction, and in which imaginary must yield to real virtue.

The character of Elizabeth, as here drawn, is in its general form and feature, such as might, we think, have been expected from the hand of a lady-artist. It is so natural that women should love to make their heroines a little heroick; that they should delight to place female excellence in attitudes noble no less than charming; that, resigning to us the empire of personal, and perhaps of intellectual power, they should still maintain an equal claim to the moral sublime,—to that higher sort of greatness which, like angels, seems to be of no sex.

To those women who have any real elevation of thought, nothing can be more disgusting than the character of a Thalestris. They hate, as much as we do, the vigorous females who appear to constitute the link between the sexes; and will not condescend to write the history of a virago, who is the exact duplicate of her stupid lovers, fights and drubs every one of them whose offers displease her, and bestows her hand only on him who is found to have a stronger and harder one of his own. Their heroine is in a different style. Perhaps she is not particularly distinguished even for that chastened loftiness which may consist with virgin delicacy, the loftiness of a Portia or a Corinne, of *la dame Romaine* or *la Sibylle triomphant*; perhaps she is not even an Elizabeth, innocently, and, as it were unconsciously magnanimous; but is represented as all gentleness and diffidence. Still we shall find her insensibly led through scenes which show her to possess fortitude and disinterestedness and other virtues of the first order; we shall be

seduced into respect, where we were desired only to love; with the weakness that solicits protection, we shall find blended, not only all the sweetness that attracts, but much also of the dignity that ennobles it.

We are aware of the numerous exceptions to this rule; but, that it is not therefore imaginary, may appear from a reference to the Delphines and Corinnes of France; and to the Cecilias, the Ellenas, and the Belindas of England. In the same manner, the delineations of female excellence by the other sex, often present us with a figure of imperial majesty; but we cannot help thinking that, when they draw after their own notions and conceptions rather than from books, they are more likely to give us an Ophelia or a Desdemona.

Madame Cottin has, in one respect, been particularly happy. Her heroine has been educated in such solitude and inacquaintance with the world, that her childlike simplicity, and engaging innocence of demeanour, seem perfectly in character, though they are the accompaniments of a heart uncommonly great and noble. There is nothing in her features hard or haughty; nothing that seems to exclaim with one of the heroines of Corneille:

*Je me fais des vertus dignes d'une Romaine.*

But, indeed, the mind that conceived this character can best do it justice; and the reader shall therefore be indulged with a trait or two of the representation.

Two or three versts from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the border of a deep circular lake, surrounded with black poplars, was the residence of one of these banished families. It consisted of three persons—A man about five and forty, his wife, and a young and beautiful daughter.

Secluded in the desert, this family held no communication with any one. The father went alone to the chace; but neither had he, his wife, or daughter, been ever seen at Saimka. Except one poor Tartar peasant, who waited on them, no human being had admission to their dwelling. The governour of Tobolskow only was informed of their birth, their country, and the cause of their banishment. The secret he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his jurisdiction, who was established at Saimka. In committing the exiles to his care, he had only given orders that they might be provided with a commodious lodging, a garden, food, and raiment, accompanied with a strict charge to hinder them from any communications whatever, and particularly to intercept any letter they might attempt to convey to the court of Russia. p. 14—15.

After a very striking sketch of Siberian scenery, the writer proceeds:

West of this great plain, a little wooden chapel had been erected by the Christians. On this side, the tombs had been respected; under the cross which adorned it, the honoured memorial of every virtue, men had not dared to profane the ashes of the dead. In these plains or steppes. (the name they bear in Siberia) Peter Springer, during the long and severe winter of this northern climate, spent his days in hunting. He killed elks which feed on the leaves of the willow and poplar; sometimes caught martens, and more frequently ermines, which are very numerous in that spot. With the money he obtained for their fur, he procured from Tobolskow different articles which might contribute to the comfort of his wife, or the education of his daughter. The long winter evenings were dedicated to the instruction of the young Elizabeth. Seated between her parents, she read aloud some passage of history, while Springer called her attention to those parts which could elevate her mind, and Phedora, her mother, to all those which could render it tender and compassionate. One pointed out to her the beauties of heroism and glory; the other all the charms of piety and benevolence. Her father reminded her of the dignity and sublimity of virtue; her mother of the support and consolation it affords. The first taught how highly to revere, the latter how carefully to cherish it. From these combined instructions Elizabeth acquired a disposition equally heroick and gentle, uniting the courage and energy of Springer to the angelick mildness of Phedora. She was at once ardent and enterprising as the exalted ideas of honour she had imbibed could render her, docile and submissive as the votary of love. p. 18—20.

The young Elizabeth knew no other country than that desolate one, which, from the age of four years, she had inhabited. In that she discovered beauties which



nature bestows even upon those spots she has most neglected; and innocence finds pleasure every where. She amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of the eggs of white vultures, who build their nests there during summer. Sometimes she caught wood-pigeons to fill a little aviary, and at others angled for the corrasines, which move in shoals, their purple shells, which lie against one another, appearing through the water like a sheet of fire covered with liquid silver. It never occurred to the happy days of her childhood that there could be a lot more blessed than her own. Her health was established by the keen air she breathed; and in her light figure were united agility and strength; while on her countenance, which was the emblem of innocence and peace, each day seemed to disclose to her fond parents some new charms. Thus, far removed from the busy world and from mankind, did this lovely maiden improve in beauty for the eyes only of her parents, to charm no heart but theirs; like the flower of the desert which blooms before the sun, and arrays itself in not less brilliant colours, because it is destined to shine only in the presence of that luminary to which it owes its existence. p. 25—27.

Such were the virtues formed in the depth of Siberian dreariness, as some of the sweetest flowers of spring seem to have been nursed in the bosom of winter. We may add, that with the character of the heroine, that of the composition itself corresponds; energetick, enthusiastick;—but nothing can exceed the feminine delicacy that every-where shades and refines it. What, indeed, but a dress of the most vestal white would become the saintly figure of Elizabeth? Our fair author is not one who loves to excite attention by a display of the ignoble or the unholy passions. Unfortunately, these must, in a measure, enter every picture of life and manners; but it is only when they must enter, that Madame Cottin admits them. They are shown by her, but not so prominently as to mingle with those gentler and more agreeable visions that fill the sight. They come, as flying clouds, to throw a shadow over the current; not as a miry infusion to sully its clearness. From the beginning of the narrative to its close, the thoughts, the expressions, the descriptions, all are limpid purity.

To this delicacy of principle, which is virtue, the author of Elizabeth adds delicacy of hand, which is taste. Her writing has a great deal of that quality, which, when ascribed to the countenance, is called *expression*. It implies not, exactly, strong sensations strongly signified; but nice and sensitive perceptions on every occasion, however common,—and looks that speakingly reflect them: a mind quickly seeing, and as quickly seen; a clear but artless indication of emotions, natural but not vulgar. It is certainly possible for writing to convey the idea of all this, though it may be the production of deep deliberation. No author, however, could so write, who was not well acquainted with human nature; by which is to be understood, not what, by a very complimentary phrase, we call *knowledge of the world*; but only a vivid conception of the genuine feelings of the mind in ordinary situations. This exquisiteness of *tact*, this play of features, belong to the composition of Madame Cottin: perhaps they may fairly be considered as characteristick of the best authors of her sex. In the portraiture of deep and tragick passion, men may possibly excel women; but surely it is a fact, and no fancy, that women understand better, and pencil out more gracefully, those finer and more fugitive impressions which come under the description of *sentiment*. Even the countrymen of Rousseau are apt to recommend some of their fair writers as the best models of the sentimental style. They find in them more truth, nature, gentleness; less of exaggeration and mannerism; sensibilities less morbid, and language refined without bordering on effeminacy.

It would be a very interesting inquiry, whether this power of susceptibility in the female mind, a power made up, as we have mentioned it to be, is original, or formed by circumstances? We certainly do believe it to be in

a great measure original; and yet there are many things in the situation of women, in the ground which they occupy in society, that seem to assist nature in the production of the effect described. Their conscious inferiority of personal strength must of itself dispose them to a cultivation of the finer and lovelier feelings; and this disposition is much aided by their exemption from those employments which *hackney* the minds of the other sex, and have a tendency to wear down all the minuter feelings. In consequence, too, of their domestick life, that reciprocation of social kindnesses, which is only a recreation to men, is to women, in some sense, a business. It is their field duty, from which household cares are their repose. Men do not seek the intercourse of society as a friend to be cultivated, but merely throw themselves on its bosom to sleep. Women, on the contrary, resort to it with recollections undistracted, and curiosity all alive. Thus, that which we enjoy and forget, keeps their attention and their feelings in constant play, and gradually matures their perceptions into instinct.

To similar causes, the softer sex owe their exquisite acquaintance with life and manners; their fine discernment of those smaller peculiarities of character which throw so much light and shade over the surface of ordinary society. Of the deeper varieties of the mind they know little; because they have not been accustomed to watch its movements when agitated by the vexing disquietudes of business, or ploughed up into frightful inequalities by the tempests of publick life. It is human nature in a calm, or ruffled only into gentle undulations; it is the light restlessness of the domestick and the social passions; it is the *fireside* character of mankind which forms their chief study, and with which, of course, they are perfectly intimate.

Consider also that class of domestick occupations which concerns the care of children. Peace be to those wretched votaries of dissipation, if indeed they can find peace, who, all selfishness, resign their offspring to fortune, apparently not as pledges, but as presents. Of these we say nothing; but with respect to the majority of the middling classes, there can be no question that, either as mothers, or as elder sisters, the female sex are infinitely more conversant with children than the other. Trace the effects naturally produced on their minds by this sort of society, for surely it may be honoured with that appellation. What habits of quick and intelligent observation must be formed, by the employment of watching over interesting helplessness, and construing ill explained wants! How must the perpetual contemplation of unsophisticated nature reflect back on the dispositions of the observer a kind of simplicity and ingenuousness! What an insight into the native constitution of the human mind must it give, to inspect it in the very act of concoction! It is as if a chymist should examine

—young diamonds in their infant dew.

Not that mothers will be apt to indulge in delusive dreams of the perfection of human nature and human society. They see too much of the waywardness of infants to imagine them perfect. They neither find them nor think them angels, though they often call them so. But whatever is bad or good in them, they behold untrameled and undisguised. All this must, in some degree, contribute to form those peculiarities in the female character, of which we are attempting to follow out the natural history.

The same peculiarities, may, in part, perhaps, be traced up to the system of European manners, which allows to women a free association with the world, while it enjoins on them the condition of an unimpeachable strictness of conduct. However loosely the fulfilment of this condition may be exacted in some countries of Europe, the system is still pretty extensively



acted upon ; and it doubtless tends to produce in the sex a habit of circumspection, an alarmed sense of self-respect, and a scrupulous tenderness of that feeling, which is to conscience what decorum is to virtue. But these qualities seem to be intimately allied with delicacy of perception and of mind. In fact, in the western world, *bienséance* has become (if we may use a very hard and workman-like term) the *professional* virtue of the fair, and it is therefore that they excel in it. On the whole, if it should be asked, why women are more refined than men, it may be asked in return, why civilized men are more refined than barbarians. It is society which has polished the savage. It is the task of presiding over the society of society, the more civilized part of civilized life, which has so highly polished, and thrown so fine a finish over the women.

Is it not then wonderful to hear some men wonder, that female minds should be so quick of comprehension on common subjects, and yet so much averse to profound disquisition ; so intelligent, so susceptible of impressions, in familiar discourse, and yet, in politicks so dull, in metaphysicks so tasteless ? They wonder at all this as inconsistent ; but the wonder and the inconsistency would be, if the matter were otherwise. We are all adroit at that which we have practised ; and these sagacious wonderers may as well consider, why many a sage, who has mines of thought and magazines of information sufficient to supply the intellectual commerce of a kingdom, should yet be miserably clumsy and stupid at the retail traffick of ordinary chit-chat ; or why many a philosopher, who can determine to a minute the curvature of a comet's path, should be utterly unable to curve his own person into a tolerable bow. From these, however, or any of the preceding remarks, it were strange to conclude that women are to be repelled from the severer studies, as if ignorance were the first of female qualifications. The remarks would rather justify an opposite conclusion. Providence has clearly assigned to the one sex the forensick, to the other the domestick occupations ; and before so obvious a difference of destination can be overlooked, not only must all right principles and feelings be abandoned, but the essence of things must almost be changed. Till this crisis occurs, women will be the tutelary powers of domestick and social enjoyment ; and so long, if there be any truth in the foregoing reflections, they will retain their present *agrémens*. To embellish their minds, therefore, with an ampler furniture of knowledge, would only confer on them the means of decorating, with additional effect, their proper sphere ; for the muses can never, of themselves, be at war either with the graces or with the virtues.

And yet, after all, there must be an original susceptibility in the female mind, which no education can give, and which hardly any could entirely destroy. Suppose a country, in which all the feebler and more rickety males should be carefully culled out, and instead of being committed to the river, as they would have been in Sparta, should be cooped up in drawing-rooms ; secluded from publick affairs ; forbidden the gallery of the house of commons ; devoted to the household deities ; and in all respects subjected to those laws of conduct which opinion has, in this country, imposed on women. There can be no rational doubt, but that this order of beings would make a considerable approach to the female character ; but surely it would prove but a sorry concern. They would turn out, it is much to be feared, a mere corporation of tailors ; sad men, and worse women. Many of them would scribble novels ; but which of them would prove such a novelist as Madame Cottin ? Many a tolerable Baucis or Mopsa should we find among them ; but which of them would resemble Elizabeth ?

The mention of this last name, recalls us from a digression which must have fatigued the reader; and without, therefore, inflicting on him the further detention of a tedious apology, we will abruptly hasten to the discharge of the duty immediately pressing upon us. We are fearful, however, of spoiling the story for him, were we to give a complete abridgment of it; and shall therefore prefer the method of exciting his curiosity by drawing out an analysis of the first part only.

Elizabeth, in infancy, was happy; but, as she advanced in years, her father's melancholy and her mother's tears could not escape her notice. She inquired the cause of their sorrows, and did not understand the reply, when she was told that they mourned for their country. Nothing more was revealed to her, but she became sad. She had, indeed, no griefs of her own; or rather she would have had none, if she had not regarded her parents as a dearer self. She forgot all her innocent pleasures, her birds and her flowers, and was absorbed in meditation. One single thought occupied her abroad, at home, at night, by day; but it was religiously concealed; it filled her mind, but was not suffered to overflow.

Yes: she determined to tear herself from the embraces of her parents—to go alone, on foot, to Petersburg, and to implore pardon for her father. Such was the bold design which had presented itself to her imagination: such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not daunt the heroick courage of a young and timid female. She beheld in their strongest light, many of the impediments she must overcome; but her confidence in God, and the ardour of her wishes, encouraged her, and she felt convinced that she could surmount them all. p. 30.

But, how execute this daring project? How perform the circuit of half Europe? How find her road without a guide? How traverse it without a protector? These thoughts held her anxious and hesitating, till at last one avenue of hope seemed to open through the gloom of despondency. Some years before, Springer had been rescued from imminent peril during a bear-hunt, by the son of M. de Smoloff, the governour of Tobolsk, who accidentally encountered him during this dangerous sport. The name of this benefactor was ever afterwards recollected and repeated with enthusiasm in the cottage of the exiles. Elizabeth and her mother had never seen him; but they daily implored Heaven to visit him with its choicest blessings. In her present difficulty Smoloff recurred to the recollection of Elizabeth. He had never been absent from her thought or her prayer, and his idea therefore naturally mixed itself with the designs that absorbed her mind. He had saved her father, and his fancied image, therefore, entered into the noble visions framed by her filial piety. But how was an interview with him to be procured?

Springer one day did not return to his cottage at the hour promised. His wife and child anxiously awaited, and at length sallied out in quest of him. Elizabeth was better able to support fatigue than her mother, and therefore proceeded further. Night was already approaching, when the report of a gun, and soon after the figure of a man behind a mass of rocks, caught her attention. "Is it my father?" she exclaimed. A young and handsome man appeared, and seemed as much overwhelmed with surprise at the meeting, as Elizabeth was lost in disappointment.

It is easy to guess that this youth was Smoloff, and that Smoloff is to be the lover of the tale. Madame Cottin, however, has not by any means overcharged her narrative with the details of the tender passion. The celebration of filial piety was her object, and she never loses sight of it. She has contrived to make this noble species of passion so engaging in her pages, that the garnish of a more romantick feeling is hardly required. She has the art of making her heroine attractive rather by making her lovely,



than loved. In truth, the reader himself is enamoured of Elizabeth, and needs not the history of any other attachment, to render her interesting in his eyes:

“*Tout Paris pour Chimène à les yeux de Rodrigue.*”

From Smoloff Elizabeth learns that her father has returned to his cottage, and rushes thither into the arms of her parents. Smoloff too, is there, for he had followed her unperceived. We cannot detail the particulars of the interesting interview that ensued; the arguments by which Springer was prevailed upon to grant his youthful guest an asylum for the night; and the respective feelings of all the parties. Elizabeth found no opportunity of disclosing to Smoloff her project and of demanding his assistance; but she did not despair. In the morning, Smoloff took his departure, with a declared resolution of repeating his visit. He wished to return, because he loved Elizabeth. Elizabeth wished him to return, because she loved her parents.

Few more interesting scenes can be found, than that which followed; the scene, in which Elizabeth first intimates to her father her great project, and shows him the extent of the treasure which he possessed even in a desert. But we will leave untouched, what, to be justly estimated, ought to be fully displayed, and hasten onwards to the second visit of Smoloff.

One of those terrible hurricanes, which are the scourges of a Siberian winter, overtook Elizabeth in one of her walks. The author, who excels in the painting of natural scenery, gives a particularly animated description of this fine subject; but we are constrained to shorten our extract, and will begin at once with our heroine.

One morning in the month of January, Elizabeth was overtaken by one of these terrible storms. She was in the plain near the little chapel; and as soon as the sudden obscurity of the sky presaged the approaching tempest, sought shelter under its venerable roof. The furious wind soon attacked this feeble edifice, and, shaking it to its foundation, threatened every instant to level it with the ground. Elizabeth, bending before the altar, felt no fear. The storm she had heard destroying all around her, created no sensation in her breast but that of a reverential awe, caused by a natural reflection on the Omnipotent Being from whose hand it came. As her life might be serviceable to her parents, she felt a confidence that Heaven would, for their sake, watch over and guard it, till she had delivered them from suffering. This sentiment, approaching almost to superstition, created by the fervour of her filial piety, inspired Elizabeth with a tranquillity so perfect, that in the midst of warring elements, with the thunderbolts of Heaven falling around her, she yielded calmly to the heaviness which oppressed her, and lying down at the foot of the altar, before which she had been offering up her prayers, fell into a slumber, secure and peaceful as that of innocence reposing on the bosom of a father. p. 68—70.

During her absence from the cottage, Smoloff arrived there. It was to be his last visit; for he had sworn this to his father, and Elizabeth was absent! While in anxious expectation he prolonged his stay, the storm arose, and excited in the bosoms of both of the exiles, and of Smoloff, the most disquieting apprehensions respecting her fate.

“Elizabeth! Oh, Elizabeth! What will become of my Elizabeth?” exclaimed the agonized mother. Springer took his stick in silence, and went to seek his daughter. Smoloff rushed after him. The tempest raged with the most terrific violence on every side. The trees were torn up by the roots, and an attempt to cross the forest was attended by the most imminent danger. Springer remonstrated with Smoloff, and endeavoured to deter him from following, but in vain. Smoloff saw all the danger, but rejoiced that an opportunity should offer for him to encounter such for the sake of Elizabeth. He would give a proof of an affection he would have scarcely dared to declare to its object.

They were now in the middle of the forest. “On which side shall we turn?” asked Smoloff.—“Towards the plain,” Springer replied; “she walks there every day, and has probably taken shelter in the chapel.” They said no more. Their anxiety was

equal. Stooping to shelter their heads from the blows of the broken boughs, and of the fragments of rocks which the wind scattered about, they walked forward as fast as the snow, which beat in their faces, would permit.

On gaining the plain, the danger with which they had been menaced from the falling of the trees ceased; but in this exposed situation, they were sometimes driven backwards, and at others thrown down by the violence of the tempest. At last they reached the little chapel, in which they hoped Elizabeth had taken refuge; but when they beheld this dangerous shelter, the walls of which consisted only of slightly jointed planks, that seemed ready every instant to fall, and become a pile of ruins, they began to shudder at the idea that she might be within them. Animated with renewed ardour, Smoloff leaves Springer some steps behind—he enters first; he sees—Is it a dream?—he sees Elizabeth, not terrified, pale, and trembling, but in a peaceful sleep before the altar. Struck with unutterable surprise, he stops, points out to Springer the cause of his amazement, and both impelled by similar sentiments of veneration, fall on their knees by the side of the angel sleeping under the special protection of heaven. The father bent over his child, while Smoloff, casting down his eyes, retired some steps, not presuming to approach too near to such supreme innocence.

Elizabeth awoke, beheld her father, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Ah! I knew thou watchdest over me." Springer pressed her to his heart with indescribable emotion. "My child," said he, "into what agonies hast thou thrown thy mother and me!"—"Oh, my father! pardon me for causing those tears," answered Elizabeth, "and let us hasten to relieve the terrors of my mother." In rising she perceived Smoloff. "Ah!" said she, in gentle accents of pleasure and surprise; "all my protectors have then been watching over me. Heaven, my father, and you." With extreme difficulty did her delighted lover repress the emotions of his heart.

Springer resumed. "My dear child," said he, "thou talkest of rejoining thy mother; but dost thou know whether it will be possible? whether thou wilt be able to resist the violence of a tempest that M. de Smoloff and I seem to have escaped from but by a miracle?"—"I will try," answered she; "my strength is greater than you think; and I rejoice in an opportunity which enables me to show you how much it is capable of performing when the consolation of my mother calls forth its exertion."

As she spake, unwonted courage beamed in her eyes; and Springer perceived that her enterprise was far from being relinquished. She walked between her father and Smoloff, who supported her together, and sheltered her head with their wide mantles. How much did Smoloff rejoice in that boisterous wind which obliged Elizabeth to trust to him for support! He thought not of his own life, which he would gladly have exposed a thousand times to prolong those moments. He feared not even for that of Elizabeth, which in the ecstasy that possessed him, he would have defied the elements combined to hinder him from preserving. p. 73—78.

During this visit, Smoloff, in the name of his father, accorded to Phedora and her daughter, what their piety accounted a high privilege, the liberty of attending the service in the church of the neighbouring village of Saimka. It was to Smoloff, too, a privilege, for he hoped on these occasions to meet Elizabeth. The surprise of Elizabeth at the novelties which her first attendance at this church brought before her eyes, is very well described; and the piety both of the mother and the daughter is placed in a very pleasing view. But Elizabeth had not yet revealed her project to Smoloff, and a tête-à-tête with him was absolutely necessary for the purpose. She contrived, therefore, unobserved by her mother, to appoint a meeting with him for the next day at the little chapel which had already been the witness of so sweet a scene. Smoloff, more enamoured than ever, now securely indulged the belief that Elizabeth returned his attachment. How was it possible to interpret this appointment otherwise? Could imagination have conceived a design so heroick as that which really prompted it? It was common for a youthful mind to be susceptible; but was the filial virtue of Elizabeth a common quality? One thing only perplexed him, that the open heart of Elizabeth should consent to an interview which was to be concealed from her parents; but he forgave all to what he imagined her passion. "Ah!" exclaims the author, "il ne se



trompoit pas, et depuis bien des années Elizabeth en portoit une en effet dans son cœur."

On the appointed morning, love was alert,—but filial piety was still more alert than love. Elizabeth arrived first at the rendezvous;—but we purposely tantalize the reader by here bringing *our* account to a period;—if he has found it interesting, let him peruse that of Madame Cottin. The work retains its excellence to the end. The plot is extremely simple, as, in so short a composition it ought to be; no strong stimulatives; no diableries; no miraculous encounters and escapes. The back ground, too, is very judiciously managed. An inferior writer might have been seduced to render too prominent the effects produced on the mind of Elizabeth by the new scenes of the south. We are inclined to think that our author has made enough of them.

The only extract we shall add, is one that can hardly suffer by being detached from the narrative. It is a passage of pure description, and affords a good specimen of the descriptive powers frequently displayed in this work. We believe it also to have the merit of accuracy; but we have nothing with which we can compare it, excepting very general recollections.

For two months Elizabeth went every Sunday to Saimka, with the hope of seeing Smoloff, but in vain. He appeared not; and at last she was informed that he had left Tobolskow. All her hopes then vanished. She no longer doubted but that Smoloff had entirely forgotten her, and frequently shed tears of the bitterest sorrow at the thought; but for which the most punctilious dignity could not have reproached her. They were not a tribute to unregarded love.

It was now towards the end of April. The snow began to melt, and a verdant shade to diffuse itself over the sandy banks of the lake. The white blossoms of the thorn thickly covered its boughs, resembling flakes of new-fallen snow, while the blue-budded campanella, the downy moth-wort, and the iris, whose pointed leaves rise perpendicularly, enameled the ground around its roots. The black birds descended in flocks on the naked trees, and were the first to interrupt the mournful silence of winter. Already, upon the banks of the river, and sometimes on its surface, sported the beautiful mallard of Persia, of a bright flame colour, with a tufted head and ebony beak, who utters the most piercing cries when aimed at by the gunner, although his aim misses; and woodcocks of various species, some black with yellow beaks, others speckled with feathery rings round their necks, ran swiftly on the marshy grounds, or hid themselves among the rushes. Every symptom, in fine, announced an early spring; and Elizabeth, foreseeing all she should lose, if she suffered a year so favourable for her expedition to pass by, formed the desperate resolution of undertaking it unaided, trusting for its success to Heaven and her own firmness. p. 104—107.

*Mais qui en est le but?* This is the cold question with which criticism usually brings up the rear of its array. To require a *moral* in an epic poem, seems now considered as high critical immorality; and the same doctrine should, in fairness, be extended to all fictitious narrative. Not that the morality of a publication is of trifling moment, but it is too much to confine a long one to the illustration of some single ethical position, reducible into a terse and emphatic sentence. The innocent objects of written composition are various, and a work of fancy is entitled to the same latitude of choice as the rest. Its author may have conceived some great and heroic character, and may be fired with the wish to personify his conception; he may have been interested by the recorded state of manners in some distant age or country, and may embody his impressions in writing; he may wish merely to spend on something tangible the redundancy of his genius or his feelings, to reduce to consistence a thousand volant images

"Of love and beauty, and poetick joy  
And inspiration—"

which have hovered around him at favoured moments ; to fix the fleeting colours of imagination and prolong the life of transient emotions ; perhaps he may be content with the soberer purpose of diffusing useful information through an agreeable channel. The action, indeed, of his piece must be one ; and it is possible that the whole of this one action may terminate in the exclusive illustration of one moral sentiment ; but it is equally possible, and more likely, that it will illustrate two or twenty. These two or twenty we may indeed generalize into one ; for there are no two propositions on earth, which this same art of generalization cannot in some way compound ; but where is the advantage of a compound, which must be *reputerized* before it can be turned to any account ?

The *moral effect* of a work ought, perhaps, to be the same with its *moral* ; but it is not always so ; and, under correction, it forms a far more important object of inquiry. The professed moral of Pamela is "Virtue rewarded." Every reader, however, must admit, that the intended effect of the novel is not so much to make women virtuous for the sake of reward (though this may be one object) as to make them in love with the virtue of the heroine, and to excite in them that desire of imitating it, which would live and act, not only in the prospect of reward, but in the very face of punishment. So distinguishable is the tendency of a work from the pithy little adage which may conclude it, that nothing is more conceivable than a most immoral work with a most excellent moral. Novels of this description we have all heard of ; and too many of us have read.

This sentiment, that virtue must and will be rewarded, is frequently repeated in Elizabeth ; and occasionally, though in enthusiastick moments, in language unwarrantably bold. Now, we are fond of poetical justice ; among other reasons, because, like every thing else in poetry, it is an improved resemblance of nature. But indeed, though this may be the moral of Madame Cottin's story, it forms a very slight addition to its moral effect. Such excellence as that of our heroine must equally touch and affect every impressible mind, whether it is prosperous or unfortunate, whether it illuminates a sphere of rank and fortune, or withers and dies on the banks of the Irtysh. We may add, that the finely pensive remarks in the last page of the book are not exactly in unison with the sentiment before noticed. Here the author professes to speak from painful experience. The moral merit of Elizabeth consists in its general tendency ; and this is to excite the fair reader to imitate the example set forth before her, of piety, resignation, filial duty, and virtuous resolution. These excellences are surely not so common, but that they may admit of a somewhat further diffusion. Neither is it necessary that, to improve by the model of a particular character, we should be placed in circumstances exactly or nearly the same, or that we should have the opportunity of exerting exactly the same qualities. There is a near alliance between goodness and goodness ; and it is much to have our minds intent on the general idea of what is elevated. While multitudes around us live for little else but themselves, it is much to be told of those who can live for others. It is much that those immersed in dissipation and folly, should be made to hear of characters supposed to be formed on a higher standard ; and not only to hear, but to love them ; to think of them, to dream of them. Example itself is contagious, and

"A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives."

In these views, the merits of such a novel as this are considerable. Happy, if a tenth part of the lumber which is honoured with the name, could be honoured with a tenth part of the encomium.



## FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governour of Nottingham Castle and Town, Representative of the County of Nottingham, in the long Parliament, and of the Town of Nottingham in the first Parliament of Charles II. &c. with Original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Contemporaries; and a Summary Review of publick Affairs, written by his Widow, Lucy, Daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. now first published from the original Manuscript, by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by herself, a Fragment. pp. 446. quarto. London. 1806.

WE have not often met with any thing more interesting and curious than this volume. Independent of its being a contemporary narrative of by far the most animating and important part of our history, it challenges our attention as containing an accurate and luminous account of military and political affairs, from the hand of a woman; as exhibiting the most liberal and enlightened sentiments in the person of a puritan; and sustaining a high tone of aristocratical dignity and pretension, though the work of a decided republican. The views which it opens into the character of the writer, and the manners of the age, will be to many a still more powerful attraction.

Of the times to which this narrative belongs—times to which England owes all her freedom and all her glory—we can never hear too much, or too often. And though their story has been transmitted to us both with more fulness of detail and more vivacity of colouring than any other portion of our annals, every reflecting reader must be aware that our information is still extremely defective, and exposes us to the hazard of great misconception. The work before us, we think, is calculated in a good degree to supply these deficiencies, and to rectify these errors.

By far the most important part of history, is that which makes us acquainted with the character, dispositions, and opinions of the great and efficient population by whose motion or consent all things are ultimately governed. After a nation has attained to any degree of intelligence, every other principle of action becomes subordinate; and, with relation to our own country in particular, it may be said with safety, that we can know nothing of its past history, or of the applications of that history to more recent transactions, if we have not a tolerably correct notion of the character of the people of England in the reign of Charles I. and the momentous periods which ensued. This character depended very much on that of the landed proprietors, and resident gentry; and Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs are chiefly valuable, as containing a picture of that class of the community.

Agriculture was at this period still the chief occupation of the people; and the form of the society was consequently that of a rustick aristocracy. The country gentlemen, who have since been worn down by luxury and taxation, superseded by the activity of office, and eclipsed by the opulence of trade, were then all in all in England; and the nation at large derived from them its habits, prejudices, and opinions. Educated almost entirely at home, their manners were not yet accommodated to a general, European standard, but retained all those national peculiarities which united and endeared them to the rest of their countrymen. Constitutionally serious, and living much with their families, they had in general more solid learning and more steady morality than the gentry of other countries. Exercised in local magistracies, and frequently assembled for purposes of national cooperation, they became conscious of their power, and jealous of their privileges: and having been trained up in a dread and detestation of that popery

which had been the recent cause of so many wars and persecutions, their religious sentiments had contracted somewhat of an austere and polemical character, and had not yet settled from the ferment of reformation into tranquil and regulated piety. It was upon this side, accordingly, that they were most liable to error. And the extravagances into which a great part of them was actually betrayed, have been the chief cause of the misrepresentations to which they were then exposed, and of the misconception which still prevails as to their character and principles of action.

In the middle of the reign of Charles I. almost the whole nation was serious and devout. The license and excess which is in some degree inseparable from a state of war, fell chiefly upon the royalists; who made it a point of duty, indeed, to deride the sanctity and rigid morality of their opponents. And they again exaggerated, out of party hatred, the peculiarities by which they were most obviously distinguished from their antagonists. Thus mutually receding from each other, from feelings of general hostility, they were gradually led to realize the imputations of which they were reciprocally the subjects. The cavaliers gave way to a certain degree of licentiousness; and the adherents of the parliament became, for the most part, really morose and enthusiastick. At the restoration, the cavaliers obtained a complete and final triumph over their sanctionious opponents; and the exiled monarch and his nobles, imported from the continent a taste for dissipation, and a toleration for debauchery, far exceeding any thing that had previously been known in England. It is from the wits of that court, however, and the writers of that party, that the succeeding and the present age have derived their notions of the puritans. In reducing these notions to the standard of truth, it is not easy to determine how large an allowance ought to be made for the exaggerations of party hatred, the perversions of witty malice, and the illusions of habitual superiority. It is certain, however, that ridicule, toleration, and luxury, gradually annihilated the puritans in the higher ranks of society; and after-times, seeing their practices and principles exemplified only among the lowest and most illiterate of mankind, readily caught the tone of contempt which had been assumed by their triumphant enemies; and found no absurdity in believing that the base and contemptible beings who were described under the name of puritans by the courtiers of Charles II. were true representatives of that valiant and conscientious party which once numbered half the gentry of England among its votaries and adherents.

That the popular conceptions of the austerities and absurdities of the old Roundheads and Presbyterians are greatly exaggerated, will probably be allowed by every one at all conversant with the subject. But we know of nothing so well calculated to dissipate the existing prejudices on the subject as this book of Mrs. Hutchinson. Instead of a set of gloomy bigots waging war with all the elegances and gayeties of life, we find, in this calumniated order, ladies of the first birth and fashion, at once converting their husbands to anabaptism, and instructing their children in musick and dancing. Valiant presbyterian colonels refuting the errors of Arminius, collecting pictures, and practising, with great applause, on the violin. Stout esquires, at the same time, praying and quaffing October with their Godly tenants; and noble lords disputing with their chaplains on points of theology in the evening, and taking them out a hunting in the morning. There is nothing, in short, more curious and instructive, than the glimpses which we here catch of the old, hospitable, and orderly life of the country gentlemen of



England, in those days when the national character was so high and so peculiar; when civilisation had produced all its effect but that of corruption; and, when serious studies and dignified pursuits had not yet been abandoned to a paltry and effeminate derision. Undoubtedly, in reviewing the annals of those times, we are struck with a loftier air of manhood than presents itself in any after era; and recognise the same characters of deep thought and steady enthusiasm, and the same principles of fidelity and self-command which ennobled the better days of the Roman republic, and have made every thing else appear childish and frivolous in the comparison.

One of the most striking and valuable things in Mrs. Hutchinson's performance, is the information which it affords us as to the manners and condition of women in the period with which she is occupied. This is a point in which all histories of publick events are almost necessarily defective; though it is evident that, without attending to it, our notions of the state and character of any people must be extremely imperfect and erroneous. Mrs. Hutchinson, however, enters into no formal disquisition upon this subject. What we learn from her in relation to it, is learnt incidentally—partly on occasion of some anecdotes which it falls in her way to recite—but chiefly from what she is led to narrate or disclose as to her own education, conduct, or opinions. If it were allowable to take the portrait which she has thus indirectly finished of herself as a just representation of her fair contemporaries, we should form a most exalted notion of the republican matrons of England. Making a slight deduction for a few traits of austerity, borrowed from the bigotry of the age, we do not know where to look for a more noble and engaging character than that under which this lady presents herself to her readers; nor do we believe that any age of the world has produced so worthy a counterpart to the *Valerias* and *Portias* of antiquity. With a highminded feeling of patriotism and publick honour, she seems to have been possessed by the most dutiful and devoted attachment to her husband; and to have combined a taste for learning and the arts with the most active kindness and munificent hospitality to all who came within the sphere of her bounty. To a quick perception of character, she appears to have united a masculine force of understanding, and a singular capacity for affairs; and to have possessed and exercised all those talents, without affecting any superiority over the rest of her sex, or abandoning for a single instant the delicacy and reserve which were then its most indispensable ornaments. Education, certainly, is far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a better and more exalted standard, and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is, for the most part, something intriguing and profligate, and theatrical in the clever women of this generation. And if we are dazzled by their brilliancy, and delighted with their talent, we can scarcely ever guard against some distrust of their judgment, or some suspicion of their purity. There is something in the domestick virtue and the calm and commanding mind of our English matron, that makes the *Corinnes* and *Heloises* appear very small and insignificant.

The admirers of modern talent will not accuse us of choosing an ignoble competitor, if we desire them to weigh the merits of Mrs. Hutchinson against those of *Madame Roland*. The English revolutionist did not, indeed, compose weekly pamphlets and addresses to the municipalities; because it was not the fashion, in her days, to print every thing that entered

into the heads of politicians. But she shut herself up with her husband in the garrison with which he was intrusted, and shared his councils as well as his hazards. She encouraged the troops by her cheerfulness and heroism; ministered to the sick; and dressed with her own hands the wounds of the captives, as well as of their victors. When her husband was imprisoned on groundless suspicions, she laboured, without ceasing, for his deliverance; confounded his oppressors by her eloquence and arguments; tended him with unshaken fortitude in sickness and solitude; and, after his decease, dedicated herself to form his children to the example of his virtues; and drew up the memorial which is now before us of his worth, and her own genius and affection. All this, too, she did without stepping beyond the province of a private woman; without hunting after compliments to her own genius or beauty; without sneering at the dulness, or murmuring at the coldness of her husband; without hazarding the fate of her country on the dictates of her own enthusiasm or fancying for a moment that she was born with talents to enchant and regenerate the world. With equal power of discriminating character; with equal candour, and eloquence, and zeal for the general good, she is elevated beyond her French competitor by superiour prudence and modesty, and by a certain simplicity and purity of character, of which, it appears to us, that the other was unable to form a conception.

After detaining the reader so long with these general observations, we shall only withhold him from the quotations which we mean to lay before him, while we announce, that Mrs. Hutchinson writes in a sort of lofty, classical, translated style; which is occasionally diffuse and pedantick, but often attains to great dignity and vigour, and still more frequently charms us by a sort of antique simplicity and sweetness, admirably in unison with the sentiments and manners it is employed to represent.

The fragment of her own history, with which the volume opens, is not the least interesting, and perhaps the most characteristick part of its contents. The following brief account of her nativity will at once make the reader acquainted with the pitch of this lady's sentiments and expressions.

It was on the 29th day of January, in the yeare of our Lord 1619-20th, that in the tower of London, the principall citie of the English Isle, I was about 4 of the clock in the morning brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was sir Allen Apsley, lieftenant of the tower of London. My mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregoz, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a sonne and a daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sonns, I being her eldest daughter. The land was then att peace (it being toward the latter end of the reigne of king James) if that quiettness may be call'd a peace, which was rather like the calme and smooth surface of the sea, whose dark womb is allready impregnated of a horrid tempest. p. 2—3.

She then draws the character of both her parents in a very graceful and engaging manner, but on a scale somewhat too large to admit of their being transferred entire into our pages. We give the following as a specimen of the style and execution.

He was a most indulgent husband, and no lesse kind to his children; a most noble master, who thought it not enough to maintaine his servants honorably while they were with him, but, for all that deserv'd it, provided offices or settlements as for children. He was a father to all his prisoners, sweetning with such compassionate kindnesse their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his dayes. He had a singular kindnesse for all persons that were eminent either in learning or armes; and when, through the ingratitude and vice of that age, many of the wives and children of Queene Elizabeth's glorious captaines were reduc'd to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decay'd



fortunes till he was dead. Many of those valiant seamen he maintain'd in prison; many he redeem'd out of prison and cherisht with an-extraordinary bounty. He was severe in the regulating of his famely; especially would not endure the least immodest behaviour or dresse in any woman under his rooffe. There was nothing he hated more then an insignificant gallant, that could *only make his leggs, and prune himselfe, and court a lady*, but had not braines to employ himself more suteable to a man's nobler sex. Fidelity in his trust, love and loyalty to his prince, were not the least of his virtues, but those wherein he was not excell'd by any of his owne or succeeding times. He gave my mother a noble allowance of 300*l.* a yeare for her owne private expense, and had given her all her owne portion to dispose of how she pleas'd, as soone as she was married; which she suffer'd to increase in her friend's hands; and what my father-allow'd her she spent not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she lay'd most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the tower, and addicting themselves to chimistrie, she suffer'd them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poore prisoners, and partly to gaine the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to helpe such poore people as were not able to seeke to phisitians. By these means she acquir'd a greate deale of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the tower, as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her owne hands, visited and tooke care of them, and provided them all necessaries. If any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place. She was not lesse bountifull to many poore widdowes and orphans, whom officers of higher and lower rank had left behind them as objects of charity. Her owne house was fill'd with distressed families of her relations, whom she supplied and maintain'd in a noble way. p. 12—15.

For herself, being her mother's first daughter, unusual pains were bestowed on her education; so that, when she was seven years of age, she was attended, she informs us, by no fewer than eight several tutors. In consequence of all this, she became very grave and thoughtful; and withal very pious. But her early attainments in religion, seem to have been by no means answerable to the notions of sanctity which she imbibed in her maturer years. There is something very innocent and natural in the puritanism of the following passage.

It pleas'd God that thro' the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinc'd that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study; and accordingly applied myselfe to it, and to practise as I was taught. I us'd to exhort my mother's maides much, and to turne their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day perform'd my due taskes of reading and praying, that then I was free to anie thing that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinc'd of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learne or heare wittie songs and amorous sonnetts or poems, and twenty things of that kind; wherein I was so apt that I became the confident in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young weomen, and there was none of them but had many lovers and some particular friends belov'd above the rest; among these I have—— p. 17—18.

Here the same spirit of austerity which dictated the preceding passage, had moved the fair writer, as the editor informs us, to tear away many pages immediately following the words with which it concludes; and thus to defraud the reader of the only love story with which he had any chance of being regaled in the course of this narrative. Although Mrs. Hutchinson's abhorrence of any thing like earthly or unsanctified love has withheld her on all occasions from the insertion of any thing that related to such feelings, yet it is not difficult, we think, to perceive that she was originally constituted with an extraordinary sensibility to all powerful emotions; and that the suppression of these deep and natural impressions has given a singular warmth and animation to her descriptions of romantick and conjugal affection. In illustration of this, we may refer to the following story of her husband's grandfather and grandmother, which she recounts with much

feeling and credulity. After a very ample account of their mutual love and loveliness, she proceeds :

But while the incomparable mother shin'd in all the humane glorie she wisht, and had the crowne of all outward felicity to the full, in the enjoyment of the mutuall love of her most beloved husband, God in one moment tooke it away, and alienated her most excellent understanding in a difficult childbirth, wherein she brought forth two daughters which liv'd to be married, and one more that died, I think as soone or before it was borne. But after that, all the art of the best phisitions in England could never restore her understanding. Yet she was not frantick, but had such a pretty deliration, that her ravings were more delightfull than other weomen's most rationall conversations. Upon this occasion her husband gave himselfe up to live retired with her, as became her condition. The daughters and the rest of the children as soon as they grew up were married and disperst. I think I have heard she had some children after that childbirth which distemper'd her, and then my lady Hutchinson must have been one of them. I have heard her servants say, that even after her marriage, she would steale many melancholly houres to sitt and weepe in remembrance of her. Meanwhile her parents were driving on their age, in no lesse constancy of love to each other, when even that distemper which had estrang'd her mind in all things elce, had left her love and obedience entire to her husband, and retain'd the same fondnesse and respect for her, after she was distemper'd, as when she was the glory of the age. He had two beds in one chamber, and she being a little sick, two weomen wacht by her, some time before she died. It was his custome, as soon as ever he unclos'd his eies, to aske how she did; but one night, he being as they thought in a deepe sleepe, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone a hunting, his usuall exercise for his health; and it was his custome to have his chaplaine pray with him before he went out. The weomen, fearfull to surprize him with the ill newes, knowing his deare affection to her, had stollen out and acquainted the chaplaine, desiring him to inform him of it. Sir John waking, did not that day, as was his custome, ask for her; but call'd the chaplaine to prayers, and ioyning with him, in the middst of the prayer, expir'd,—and both of them were buried together in the same grave. Whether he perceiv'd her death and would not take notice, or whether some strange sympathy in love or nature, tied up their lives in one, or whether God was pleas'd to exercise an unusuall providence towards them, preventing them both from that bitter sorrow which such separations cause, it can be but coniectur'd, &c. p. 26—28.

The same romantick and suppressed sensibility is discernible, we think, in her whole account of the origin and progress of her husband's attachment to her. As the story is in many respects extremely characteristick of the times, as well as the persons to which it relates, we shall make a pretty large extract from it. Mr. Hutchinson had learned, it seems, to "dance and vault" with great agility, and also attained to "great mastery on the violl" at the university; and, upon his return to Nottingham, in the twentieth year of his age, spent much of his time with a licentious but most accomplished gentleman, a witty but prophane physician, and a pleasant but cynical old schoolmaster. In spite of these worldly associations, however, we are assured that he was a most Godly and incorruptible person; and, in particular, proof against all the allurements of the fair sex, whom he frequently "reproved, but in a handsome way of raillery, for their pride and vanity." In this hopeful frame of mind, it was proposed to him to spend a few summer months at Richmond, where the young princes then held their court.

Mr. Hutchinson considering this, resolv'd to accept his offer; and that day telling a gentleman of the house whither he was going, the gentleman bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatall for love, that never any young disengag'd person went thither, who return'd againe free. Mr. Hutchinson laugh't at him; but he, to confirme it, told him a very true story of a gentleman, who not long before had come for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with, bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplor'd, he made enquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other. He grew desperately melancholly, and would goe to a mount where the print of her



foote was cutt, and lie there pining and kissing of it all the day long, till att length death in some months space concluded his languishment. This story was very true; but Mr. Hutchinson was neither easie to believe it, nor frighted at the example; thinking himself not likely to make another. p. 37—38.

He goes, accordingly, to Richmond, and boards with his musick master; in whose house a younger sister of his future wife happened then to be placed, she herself having gone into Wiltshire with her mother, with some expectation of being married before her return.

This gentlewoman, that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson, was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantnesse and vivacity of spiritt, and ingenuity in the quallity she practis'd, that Mr. Hutchinson tooke pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in discourse with her. She having the keys of her mother's house, some halfe a mile distant, would sometimes aske Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day when he was there, looking upon an odde byshelf, in her sister's closett, he found a few Latine bookes. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, enquiring more after her, he began first to be sorrie she was gone, before he had seene her, and gone upon such an account, that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to heare mention of her; and the other gentlewomen, who had bene her companions, used to talke much to him of her, telling him how reserv'd and studious she was, and other things which they esteem'd no advantage: but it so much inflam'd Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himselfe, that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of weomenkind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw.—While he was exercis'd in this, many days past not, but a foote boy of my lady her mothers came to young Mrs. Apsley, as they were at dinner, bringing newes that her mother and sister would in few dayes return; and when they enquir'd of him, whether Mrs. Apsley was married, having before bene instructed to make them believe it, he smiled, and pull'd out some bridelaces, which were given at a wedding, in the house where she was, and gave them to the young gentlewoman and the gentleman's daughter of the house, and told them Mrs. Apsley bade him tell no news, but give them those tokens, and carried the matter so, that all the companie believ'd she had bene married. Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spiritts, in that extraordinary manner, that finding himselfe ready to sinke att table, he was faine to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden, where the gentleman of the house going with him, it was not necessary for him to feigne sicknesse, for the distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweate and such a dispersion of spiritt, that all the courage he could at present recollect was little enough to keep him allive. While she so ran in his thoughts, meeting the boy againe, he found out, upon a little stricter examination of him, that she was not married, and pleas'd himself in the hopes of her speedy returne, when one day, having bene invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood, to a noble treatment at Sion Garden, which a courtier, *that was her servant*, had made for her and whom she would bring, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Apsley, and Mr. Coleman's daughter were of the partie, and having spent the day in severall pleasant divertisements, att evening they were att supper, when a messenger came to tell Mrs. Apsley her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay 'till the supper was ended, of which he eate no more, now only longing for that sight, which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained; but his heart being prepossesst with his owne fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so greate an expectation. She was not ugly,—in a carelesse riding habitt, she had a melancholly negligence both of herselfe and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anie thing before her; yet spite of all her indifferency, she was surpriz'd with some unusuall liking in her soule, when she saw this gentleman, who had haire, eies, shape, and countenance enough to begett love in any one at the first, and these sett off with a gracefull and generous meine, which promis'd an extraordinary person. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desir'd, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yett the prevailing sympathie of his soule made him thinke all his paynes well pay'd, and this first did whett his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his ioy found she was wholly disengag'd from that treaty, which he so much

fear'd had been accomplisht. He found withall, that though she was modest, she was accostable and willing to entertaine his acquaintance. This soone past into a mutuall friendship betweene them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquir'd such a friend, who had wisdom and vertue enough to be trusted with her counsell. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, having bene told, and seeing how she shunn'd all other men, and how civilly she entertain'd him, believ'd that a secret power had wrought a mutuall inclination betweene them, and dayly frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunitie of conversing with her in those pleasant walkes, which, at that sweete season of the spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seeke their ioyes; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shar'd not in, while every one minded their owne delights. p. 38—44.

Here the lady breaks off her account of this romantick courtship, as of "matters that are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, and not worthy mention among the greater transactions of their lives." The consent of parents having been obtained on both sides, she was married at the age of eighteen.

That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the small pox, which was many wayes a greate triall upon him; first her life was allmost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seene, for a greate while after she recover'd; yett he was nothing troubled at it, but married her assoone as she was able to quitt the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to looke on her: but God recompenc'd his iustice and constancy, by restoring her, though she was longer then ordinary before she recover'd, as well as before. p. 45—46.

There is a good deal more of this affectionate and romantick style of writing throughout the book; but the shade of Mrs. Hutchinson would not forgive us, if we were to detain the reader longer "with these vanities of her youth." We proceed, therefore, to graver matters.

We might cull many striking specimens of eloquence from her summary account of the English constitution and of the reformation; but the following view of the changes which took place on the accession of James and of Charles, are more characteristick of the age and of the party to which she belongs.

The honour, wealth, and glory of the nation, wherein Queene Elizabeth left it, were soone prodigally wasted by this thriftless heire, the nobility of the land utterly debas'd by setting honors to publick sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor meritt fitt to weare, nor estates to beare up their titles, but were faine to invent proiects to pill\* the people, and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdnesse. The generallity of the gentry of the land soone learnt the court fashion, and every greate house in the country became a sty of uncleannesse. To keepe the people in their deplorable security, till vengeance overtooke them, they were entertain'd with masks, stage playes, and all sorts of ruder sports. Then began murther, incest, adultery, drunkennesse, swearing, fornication, and all sort of ribaldry, to be no conceal'd but countenanc'd vices; because they held such conformity with the court example.—And now the ready way to preferment there, was to declare an opposition to the power of godlinesse, under that name; so that their pulpits might iustly be called the scorner's chair, those sermons only pleasing that flatter'd them in their vices, and told the poore king that he was Solomon—that his sloth and cowardize, by which he betrey'd the cause of God and honour of the nation, was gospell meekenesse and peaceablenesse, for which they rais'd him up above the heavens, while he lay wallowing like a swine in the mire of his lust. He had a little learning,—and this they call'd the spiritt of wisdom, and so magnified him, so falsely flatter'd him, that he could not endure the words of truth and soundnesse, but rewarded these base, wicked, unfaithfull fawners with rich preferments, attended with pomps and titles, which heav'd them up above a humane heighth: with their pride their envie swell'd against the people of God, whom they began to

\* "Pill—pillage, plunder."



project how they might roote out of the land; and when they had once given them a name, whatever was odious or dreadfull to the king, that they fixt upon the Puritaine, which, according to their character, was nothing but a factious hypocrite. p. 59—61.

The face of the court was much chang'd in the change of the king: for king Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious; so that the fooles and bawds, mimicks and catamites of the former court grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debosheries, had yet that reverence to the king, to retire into corners to practice them. Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteeme, and receiv'd encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent iuge and a greate lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities, less offensive then the prophane abusive witt, which was the only exercise of the other court. p. 65.

The characters of this king's counsellors are drawn, in general, with great force and liveliness; and with a degree of candour scarcely to have been expected in the widow of a regicide. We give that of lord Strafford as an example.

But there were two above all the rest, who led the van of the king's evill counsellors, and these were Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, a fellow of meane extraction and arrogant pride, and the earle of Strafford, who as much outstript all the rest in favour as he did in abillities, being a man of deepe pollicy, sterne resolution, and ambitious zeale to keepe up the glory of his own greatnesse. In the beginning of this king's reigne, this man had bene a strong assertor of the liberties of the people, among whom he had gain'd himselfe an honourable reputation, and was dreadfull to the court party, who thereupon strew'd snares in his way, and when they found a breach at his ambition, his soule was that way enter'd and captivated. He was advanc'd first to the lord president of the councill in the north, to be a baron, after an earle; then deputy of Ireland; the neerest to a favorite of any man since the death of the duke of Buckingham, who was rais'd by his first master, and kept up by the second, upon no account of personall worth or any deserving abillities in him, but only upon violent and private inclinations of the princes; but the earle of Strafford wanted not any accomplishment that could be desir'd in the most serviceable minister of state. Besides, he having made himselfe odious to the people, by his revolt from their interest to that of the oppressive court, he was now oblig'd to keepe up his owne interest with his new party, by all the mallitious practices that pride and revenge could inspire him with. p. 68—69.

One of Mrs. Hutchinson's great talents, indeed, is the delineation of characters; and though her affections are apt to throw rather too glowing or too dark a tint over the canvass, yet this very warmth carries with it an impression of sincerity which adds not a little to the interest of her pictures. We pass by her short sketches,—of the earle of Newcastle, who was “a prince in his own country, till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court,”—the earle of Kingston, “whose covetousness made him divide his sons between the two parties, till his fate drew him over to the king's side, where he behaved himself honourably, and died remarkably”—the earle of Clare, “who was very often of both parties, and, I think, never advantaged either”—and a great number of other persons, who are despatched with equal brevity; and venture to put her talents to a severer test, by trying whether they can interest the reader in a description of the burghers and private gentlemen of Nottingham, at the breaking out of these great disturbances.

There were seven aldermen in the towne, and of these only alderman James, then mayor, own'd the parliament. He was a very honest, bold man, but had no more but a burgher's discretion. He was yett very well assisted by his wife, a woman of greate zeale and courage, and more understanding than weomen of her ranke usually have. All the devout people of the towne were very vigorous and ready to offer their lives and famelies; but there was not halfe the halfe of the towne that consisted of these. The ordinary civil sort of people coldly adher'd to the better; but all the debosht, and such as had liv'd upon the bishop's persecuting courts, and bene the lacqueys of projectors and monopolizers, and the like, they were all bitterly malign-

nant. Yett God awed them, that they could not at that time hinder his people, whom he overrul'd some of their greatest enemies to assist, such as were one Chadwick and Plumptre, two who, at the first, put themselves most forward into the business.

Plumptre was a doctor of phisick, an inhabitant of Nottingham, who had learning, naturall parts, and understanding enough to discern betweene naturall, civill righteousness and iniustice, but he was a horrible atheist, and had such an intolérable pride, that he brook'd no superiours, and having some witt, tooke the boldnesse to exercise it, in the abuse of all the gentlemen wherever he came. This man had sence enough to approve the parliament's cause, in poynt of civill right, and pride enough to desire to breake the bonds of slavery, whereby the king endeavour'd to chaine up a free people; and upon these scores, appearing high for the parliament's interest, he was admitted into the consultations of those who were then putting the country into a posture of defence.

Chadwick was a fellow of a most pragmaticall temper, and, to say truth, had strangely wrought himselfe into a station unfitt for him. He was at first a boy that scraped trenchers in the house of one of the poorest iustices in the county, but yet such a one as had a greate deale of formallity and understanding of the statute law, from whom this boy pick'd such ends of law, that he became first the iustice's, then a lawyer's clearke. Then, I know not how, gott to be a parcell-iudge in Ireland, and came over to his owne country swell'd with the reputation of it, and sett on foote a base, obsolete, arbitrary court there, which the conqueror of old had given to one Peverel, his bastard, &c.—When the king was in towne a little before, this man so insinuated into the court that, comming to kisse the king's hand, the king told him he was a very honest man; yet by flatteries and dissimulations he kept up his credit with the godly, cutting his haire, and taking up a forme of godlinesse, the better to deceive. In some of the corrupt times he had purchas'd the honour of a barrister, though he had neither law nor learning, but he had a voluble tongue, and was crafty; and it is allmost incredible that one of his mean education and poverty should arrive to such things as he reacht. This basenesse he had, that all the iust reproaches in the world could not moove him, but he would fawne upon any man that told him of his villanies to his face, even at the very time. Never was a truer Judas, since Iscariott's time, then he; for he would kisse the man he had in his heart to kill. He naturally delighted in mischief and treachery, and was so exquisite a villaine, that he destroy'd those designes he might have thriven by, with overlaying them with fresh knaveries. p. 110—113.

We have not room for many of the more favourable delineations with which these are contrasted; but we give the following short sketch of Mr. Thornhagh, who seems to have been a great favourite of Mrs. Hutchinson's.

Mr. Francis Thornhagh, the eldest sonne of sir Francis Thornhagh, was a man of a most upright, faithfull heart to God and God's people, and to his countrie's true interest, comprehended in the parliament's cause; a man of greater vallour or more noble daring fought not for them, nor indeed ever drew sword in any cause. He was of a most excellent good nature to all men, and zealous for his friend. He wanted councell and deliberation, and was sometimes too facile to flatterers, but had iudgment enough to discern his errors when they were represented to him; and worth enough not to persist in an iniurious mistake because he had once entertained it. p. 114.

This gallant gentleman afterwards fell at the battle of Preston. Mrs. Hutchinson has given the following animated description of his fate.

In the beginning of this battle, the valliant Coll. Thornhagh was wounded to death. Being at the beginning of the charge on a horse as courageous as became such a master, he made such furious speed, to sett upon a company of Scotch lancers, that he was singly engaged and mortally wounded, before it was possible for his regiment, though as brave men as ever drew sword, and too affectionate to their collonell, to be slack in following him, to come time enough to breake the furie of that body, which shamed not to unite all their force against one man. His soule was hovering to take her flight out of his body, but that an eager desire to know the successe of that battle kept it within, till the end of the day, when the newes being brought him, he clear'd his dying countenance, and say'd: "I now reioyce to die, since God hath lett me see the overthrow of this perfidious enemy. I could not lose my



life in a better cause, and I have the favour from God to see my blood aveng'd." So he died, with a large testimony of love to his souldiers, but more to the cause, and was by mercy remoov'd, that the temptations of future times might not prevaile to corrupt his pure soule. A man of greater courage and integritie fell not nor fought not in this glorious cause. He had also an excellent good nature, but easie to be wrought upon by flatterers, yett as flexible to the admonitions of his friends; and this virtue he had, that if sometimes a cunning insinuation prevail'd upon his easie faith, when his error was made knowne to him, notwithstanding all his greate courage, he was readier to acknowledge and repaire, then to pursue his mistake. p. 289—290.

The most conspicuous person by far, of the age to which Mrs. Hutchinson belongs, was Cromwell; and there is no character, accordingly, which she appears to have studied more, or better comprehended. Her work contains a great number of original anecdotes with regard to him; and with all the advantages which later times have derived from the collation of various authorities, and from considering, at a dispassionate distance, the various turns of his policy, we doubt whether any historian has given a more just or satisfactory account of this extraordinary personage than this woman, who saw him only in the course of his obliquities, and through the varying medium of her own hopes and apprehensions. The profound duplicity and great ambition of his nature, appear to have been very early detected by colonel Hutchinson, whose biographer gives this account of his demeanour to the Levellers and Presbyterians, who were then at the height of their rivalry.

These were they, says she, speaking of the former, who first began to discover the ambition of Lieftenant-general Cromwell and his idolaters, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time, he was sent downe, after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the north. When he went downe, the chief of these levellers following him out of the towne, to take their leaves of him, receiv'd such professions from him, of a spiritt bent to pursue the same iust and honest things that they desir'd, as they went away with greate satisfaction,—till they heard that a coachfull of *Presbyterian priests* coming after them, went away no lesse pleas'd; by which it was apparent he dissembled with one or the other, and by so doing lost his credit with both.

When he came to Nottingham, Coll. Hutchinson went to see him, whom he embrac'd with all the expressions of kindnesse that one friend could make to another, and then retiring with him, prest him to tell him what thoughts his friends, the levellers, had of him. The collonell, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth from his friend, especially when it was requir'd in love and plainnesse, not only told him what others thought of him, but what he himselfe conceiv'd, and how much it would darken all his glories, if he should become a slave to his owne ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world iust cause to suspect, and therefore begg'd of him to weare his heart in his face, and to scorne to delude his enemies, but to make use of his noble courage, to maintaine what he believed iust, against all greate oposers. Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him, but it is certaine that for this and such like plaine dealing with him, he dreaded the collonell, and made it his particular businesse to keepe him out of the armie; but the collonell never desiring command to serve himselfe, but his country, would not use that art he detested in others, to procure himselfe any advantage. p. 285—287.

An after scene is still more remarkable, and more characteristick of both the actors. After Cromwell had possessed himself of the sovereignty, colonel Hutchinson came accidentally to the knowledge of a plot which had been laid for his assassination; and was moved, by the nobleness of his own nature, and his regard for the protector's great qualities—though he had openly testified against his usurpation, and avoided his presence since the time of it—to give such warning of it to Fleetwood, as might enable him to escape that hazard, but at the same time without betraying the names of any of the conspirators.

After Coll. Hutchinson had given Fleetwood that caution, he was going into the country, when the protector sent to search him out with all the earnestnesse and haste that could possibly be, and the collonell went to him; who mett him in one of the galleries, and receiv'd him with open armes and the kindest embraces that could be given, and complain'd that the collonell should be so unkind as never to give him a visitt, professing how wellcome he should have bene, the most wellcome person in the land; and with these smooth insinuations led him allong to a private place, giving him thanks for the advertisement he had receiv'd from Fleetwood, and using all his art to gett out of the collonell the knowledge of the persons engag'd in the conspiracy against him. But none of his cunning, nor promises, nor flatteries, could prevaile with the collonell to informe him more than he thought necessary to prevent the execution of the designe; which when the protector perceiv'd, he gave him most infinite thanks for what he had told him, and acknowledg'd it open'd to him some misteries that had perplext him, and agreed so with other intelligence he had, that he must owe his preservation to him. "But," says he, "deare collonell, why will not you come in and act among us?" The collonell told him plainly, because he liked not any of his wayes since he broke the parliament, as being those which led to certeine and unavoydable destruction, not only of themselves, but of the whole parliament party and cause, and thereupon tooke occasion, with his usuall freedom, to tell him into what a sad hazard all things were put, and how apparent a way was made for the restitution of all former tyranny and bondage. Cromwell seem'd to receive this honest plainnesse with the greatest affection that could be, and acknowledg'd his precipitatenesse in some things, and *with teares* complain'd how Lambert had put him upon all those violent actions, for which he now accus'd him and sought his ruine. He exprest an earnest desire to restore the people's liberties, and to take and pursue more safe and sober councells, and wound up all with a very faire courtship of the collonell to engage with him, offering him any thing he would account worthy of him. The collonell told him, he could not be forward to make his owne advantage, by serving to the enslaving of his country. The other told him, he intended nothing more than the restoring and confirming the liberties of the good people, in order to which he would employ such men of honor and interest as the people should reioyce, and he should not refuse to be one of them. And after, with all his arts, he had endeavour'd to excuse his publique actions, and to draw in the collonell, he dismiss him with such expressions as were publickely taken notice of by all his little courtiers then about him, when he went to the end of the gallery with the collonell, and there, embracing him, sayd aloud to him: "Well, collonell, satisfied or dissatisfied, you shall be one of us, for wee can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the publique service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." The collonell left him with that respect that became the place he was in; when immediately the same courtiers, who had some of them past him by without knowing him when he came in, although they had bene once of his familiar acquaintance, and the rest who had look'd upon him with such disdainfull neglect as those little people use to those who are not of their faction, now flockt about him, striving who should expresse most respect, and, by an extraordinary officiousnesse, redeeme their late slightings. Some of them desir'd he would command their service in any businesse he had with their lord, and a thousand such frivolous compliments, which the collonell smiled att, and quitting himselfe of them as soon as he could, made hast to returne into the country. There he had not long bene but that he was inform'd, notwithstanding all these faire shewes, the protector, finding him too constant to be wrought upon to serve his tirannie, had resolv'd to secure his person, lest he should head the people, who now grew very weary of his bondage. But though it was certainly confirm'd to the collonell how much he was afraid of his honesty and freedome, and that he was resolv'd not to let him longer be att liberty, yet, before his guards apprehended the collonell, death imprison'd himselfe, and confin'd all his vast ambition and all his cruell designs into the narrow compasse of a grave. p. 340—342.

Two other anecdotes, one very discreditable to Cromwell, the other affording a striking proof of his bravery and knowledge of mankind, may be found at p. 308. & 316. But we dismiss the subject of this "great bad man," with the following eloquent representation of his government after he had attained the height of his ambition;—a representation in which the keen regrets of disappointed patriotism are finely mingled with an indignant contempt for those who submitted to tyranny, and a generous admission of the talents and magnanimity of the tyrant.



In the interim Cromwell and his armie grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government, which, when nobody oppos'd, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First he calls a parliament out of his owne pockett, himselfe naming a sort of godly men for every county, who meeting and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, give up the sovereignty to him. Shortly after he makes up severall sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely for his turne, turn'd them off againe. He soone quitted himselfe of his triumvirs, and first thrust out Harrison, then tooke away Lambert's commission, and would have bene king but for feare of quitting his generallship. He weeded, in a few months time, above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the armie, with whom many of the religious souldiers went off, and in their roome abundance of the king's dissolute souldiers were entertain'd, and the armie was almost chang'd from that godly religious armie, whose vallour God had crown'd with triumph, into the dissolute armie they had beaten, bearing yett a better name. His wife and children were setting up for principallity, which suited no better with any of them then scarlett on the ape; only, to speak the truth of himselfe, he had much naturall greatnesse, and well became the place he had usurp'd. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things; but the rest were insolent fooles. Cleypoole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauch'd ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature; yet gentle and vertuous; but became not greatnesse. His court was full of sinne and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yett quite cast away the name of God, but prophan'd it by taking it in vaine upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisie became an epidemical disease, to the sad grieve of Coll. Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Allmost all the ministers every where fell in and worshipt this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor-spirited gentry. The cavaliers, in pollicy, who saw that while Cromwell reduc'd all the exercise of tirannicall power under another name, there was a doore open'd for the restoring of their party, fell much in with Cromwell, and heighten'd all his disorders. He at last exercis'd such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him, while he sett up a companie of silly meane fellows, call'd maior-generalls, as governors in every country. These rul'd according to their wills, by no law but what seem'd good in their owne eies, imprisoning men, obstructing the course of iustice betweene man and man, perverting right through partiallity, acquitting some that were guilty, and punishing some that were innocent as guilty. Then he exercis'd another proiect to rayse monye, by decimation of the estates of all the king's party, of which actions 'tis said Lambert was the instigator. At last he tooke upon him to make lords and knights; and wanted not many fooles, both of the armie and gentry, to accept of and strutt in his mock titles. Then the earle of Warwick's grandchild and the lord Falconbridge married his two daughters; such pittiful slaves were the nobles of those days. Att last Lambert, perceiving himselfe to have bene all this while deluded with hopes and promises of succession, and seeing that Cromwell now intended to confirme the government in his owne famely, fell off from him, but behav'd himselfe very pitifully and meanely, was turn'd out of all his places, and return'd againe to plott new vengeance at his house at Wimbleton, where he fell to dresse his flowers in his garden, and worke at the needdle with his wife and his maides, while he was watching an oppertunity to serve againe his ambition, which had this difference from the protector's; the one was gallant and greate, the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abiect and base in adversity. p. 335—338.

In making these miscellaneous extracts for the amusement of our readers, we are afraid that we have too far lost sight of the worthy colonel, for whose honour the whole record was designed; and though the biography of a private person, however eminent, is seldom of much consequence to the general reader, except where it illustrates the manners of the times, or connects with the publick history of the nation, there is something in this account of colonel Hutchinson which appears to us deserving of notice with reference to both these particulars.

Soon after his marriage, he retired to his house at Owthorpe, where he took to the study of divinity; and having his attention roused to the state

of publick affairs, by the dreadful massacres of Ireland, in 1641, set himself diligently to read and consider all the disputes which were then set on foot between the king and parliament; the result of which was, a steady conviction of the justice of the pretensions maintained by the latter, with a strong anxiety for the preservation of peace. His first achievement was, to persuade the parson of his parish to deface the images, and break the painted glass in the windows of his church, in obedience to an injunction of the parliament. His next, to resist lord Newark in an illegal attempt to carry off the ammunition belonging to the county, for the use of the king. His deportment upon this occasion, when he was only twenty-five years of age, affords a very singular proof of temper and firmness, good breeding, and great powers of reasoning.

When the king set up his standard at Nottingham, Mr. Hutchinson repaired to the camp of Essex, the parliamentary general; but "did not then find a clear call from the Lord to join with him." His irresolution, however, was speedily dissipated, by the persecutions of the royalists, who made various efforts to seize him as a disaffected person. He accordingly began to consult with others in the same predicament; and having resolved to try to defend the town and castle of Nottingham against the assaults of the enemy, he was first elected governour by his associates, and afterwards had his nomination confirmed by Fairfax and by the parliament. A great deal too much of the book is occupied with an account of the petty enterprises in which this little garrison was engaged; the various feuds and dissensions which arose among the different officers and the committees who were appointed as their council; the occasional desertion and treachery of various individuals, and the many contrivances, and sacrifices, and exertions, by which colonel Hutchinson was enabled to maintain his post till the final discomfiture of the royal party. This narrative contains, no doubt, many splendid examples of courage and fidelity on both sides; and for the variety of intrigues, cabals, and successful and unsuccessful attempts at corruption which it exhibits, may be considered as a complete miniature of a greater history. But the insignificance of the events, and the obscurity of the persons, take away all interest from the story; and our admiration of colonel Hutchinson's firmness, and disinterestedness and valour, is scarcely sufficient to keep our attention alive through the languishing narrative of the obscure warfare in which he was employed.

It has often been remarked, and for the honour of our country can never be too often repeated, that history affords no example of a civil contest carried on for years at the point of the sword, and yet producing so little ferocity in the body of the people, and so few instances of particular violence or cruelty. No proscriptions—no executions—no sacking of cities, or laying waste of provinces—no vengeance wreaked, and indeed scarcely any severity inflicted upon those who were notoriously hostile, unless found actually in arms. Some passages in the wars of Henry IV. as narrated by Sully, approach to this character; but the horrible massacres with which that contest was at other stages attended, exclude it from all parallel with the generous hostility of England. This book is full of instances, not merely of mutual toleration, but of the most cordial friendship subsisting between individuals engaged in the opposite parties. In particular, sir Allan Apsley, Mrs. Hutchinson's brother, who commanded a troop of horse for the king, and was frequently employed in the same part of the country where colonel Hutchinson commanded for the parliament, is represented throughout as living on a footing of the greatest friendship and cordiality



with this valiant relative. Under the protection of mutual passes, they pay frequent visits to each other, and exchange various civilities and pieces of service, without any attempt on either side to seduce the other from the cause to which his conscience had attached him. In the same way, the houses and families of various royalists are left unmolested in the district commanded by colonel Hutchinson's forces; and officers conducting troops to the siege of the castle, are repeatedly invited to partake of entertainments with the garrison. It is no less curious and unique to find Mrs. Hutchinson officiating as a surgeon to the wounded; and the colonel administering spiritual consolation to some of the captives who had been mortally hurt by the men whom he had led into action.

After the termination of the war, colonel Hutchinson was returned to parliament for the town which he had so resolutely defended. He was appointed a member of the high court of justice, for the trial of the king; and after long hesitation and frequent prayer to God to direct him aright in an affair of so much moment, he deliberately concurred in the sentence which was pronounced by it; Mrs. Hutchinson proudly disclaiming for him the apology afterwards so familiar in the mouths of his associates, of having been overawed by Cromwell. His opinion of the protector, and of his government, has been pretty fully explained in the extracts we have already given. During that usurpation, he lived in almost unbroken retirement, at Owthorpe; where he occupied himself in superintending the education of his children, whom he himself instructed in musick and other elegant accomplishments; in the embellishment of his residence by building and planting; in administering justice to his neighbours, and in making a very choice collection of painting and sculpture, for which he had purchased a number of articles out of the cabinet of the late king. Such were the liberal pursuits and elegant recreations of one whom all our recent histories would lead us to consider as a gloomy fanatic, and barbarous bigot.

Upon the death of the protector, he again took his seat in parliament, for the county of Nottingham; and was an indignant spectator of the base proceedings of Monk, and the headlong and improvident zeal of the people in the matter of the restoration. In the course of the debate on the course to be followed with the regicides, such of them as were members of the house rose in their places, and made such a defence of their conduct as they respectively thought it admitted of. The following passage is very curious, and gives us a high idea of the readiness and address of colonel Hutchinson in a situation of extraordinary difficulty.

When it came to Inglesbies turne, he, *with many teares*, profest his repentance for that murther; and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forc'd him to subscribe the sentence, and made a most whining recantation; after which he retir'd, and another had almost ended, when Coll. Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surpriz'd with a thing he expected not; yet neither then, nor in any the like occasion, did he ever faile himselfe, but told them, "That for his actings in those dayes, if he had err'd, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his iudgement, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the generall advantage of his country more then his owne; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the publick peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose; that the vain expence of his age and the greate debts his publick employments had runne him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him iust cause to repent that he ever forsooke his owne blessed quiett, to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwrack of all things but a good conscience; and as to that particular action of the king, he desir'd them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a

*Christian, and a gentleman.* Assoone as the collonell had spoken, he retir'd into a roome, where Inglesbie was, with his eies yet red, who had call'd up a little spirit to succeed his whinings, and embracing Coll. Hutchinson, "O collonell," say'd he, "did I ever imagine wee could be brought to this? Could I have suspected it, when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeem'd us from being dealt with as criminalls; by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves." The collonell told him, he had forseene, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawfull authority of the land, to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else; but the integrity of his heart, in all he had done, made him as chearfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the house that day was, to suspend Coll. Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the house. Monke, after all his greate professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to sett vengeance on foote as any man. p. 367—369.

He was afterwards comprehended in the act of amnesty, and with some difficulty obtained his pardon; upon which he retired to the country; but was soon after brought to town, in order to see if he could not be prevailed on to give evidence against such of the regicides as it was resolved to bring to trial. The Inglesby who is commemorated in the preceding extract, is known to have been the chief informer on that occasion; and colonel Hutchinson understood that it was by his instigation, that he had been called as a witness. His deportment, when privately examined by the attorney general, is extremely characteristick, and includes a very fine and bitter piece of irony on his base associate, who did not disdain to save himself by falsehood and treachery. When pressed to specify some overt acts against the prisoners

— the collonell answered him, that in a businesse transacted so many years agoe, wherein life was concern'd, he durst not beare a testimony; having at that time bene so little an observer, *that he could not remember the least title of that most eminent circumstance, of Cromwell's forcing Coll. Inglesbie to sett to his unwilling hand, which, if his life had depended on that circumstance, he could not have affirmed.* "And then, sir," say'd he, "if I have lost so great a thing as that, it cannot be expected lesse eminent passages remaine with me." p. 379.

It was not thought proper to examine him on the trial; and he was allowed, for about a year, to pursue his innocent occupations in the retirement of a country life. At last he was seized, upon suspicion of being concerned in some treasonable conspiracy; and though no formal accusation was ever exhibited against him, and no sort of evidence specified as the ground of his detention, was conveyed to London, and committed a close prisoner to the tower. In this situation, he was treated with the most brutal harshness; all which he bore with great meekness of spirit, and consoled himself in the constant study of the Scriptures, and the society of his magnanimous consort, who, by the powerful intercession of her brother, was at last admitted to his presence. After an imprisonment of ten months, during which the most urgent solicitations could neither obtain his deliverance, nor the specification of the charges against him, he was suddenly ordered down to Sandown castle in Kent, and found, upon his arrival, that he was to be closely confined in a damp and unwholesome apartment, in which another prisoner, of the meanest rank and most brutal manners, was already established. This aggravated oppression and indignity, however, he endured, with a cheerful magnanimity; and conversed with his wife and daughter, as she expresses it, "with as pleasant and contented a spirit as ever in his whole life." Sir Allan Apsley at last procured an order for permitting him to walk a certain time every day on the beach; but this mitigation came too late. A sort of aguish fever, brought on by damp and confinement, had settled on his constitution; and, in little more than a month after his removal from the tower, he was delivered by death



from the mean and cowardly oppression of those whom he had always disdained either to flatter or betray.

England should be proud, we think, of having given birth to Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband; and chiefly because their characters are truly and peculiarly English, according to the standard of those times in which national characters were most distinguishable. Not exempt, certainly, from errors and defects, they yet seem to us to hold out a lofty example of substantial dignity and virtue; and to possess most of those talents and principles by which public life is made honourable, and privacy delightful. Bigotry must at all times debase, and civil dissension embitter our existence; but, in the ordinary course of events, we may safely venture to assert, that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy.

For the reverend Julius Hutchinson, the editor of these Memoirs, it is easy to see that he is considerably perplexed and distracted, between a natural desire to extol these illustrious ancestors, and a fear of being himself mistaken for a republican. So he gives us alternate notes in laud of the English levellers, and in vituperation of the atheists and jacobins of France. From all this, our charity leads us to infer, that the said reverend Julius Hutchinson has not yet obtained that preferment in the church which it would be convenient for him to possess; and that, when he is promoted according to his merits; he will speak more uniformly, in a manner becoming his descent. In the mean time, we are very much obliged to him for this book, and for the pains he has taken to satisfy us of its authenticity, and of the accuracy of the publication. We do not object to the old spelling, which occasions no perplexity; but when the work comes to another edition, we would recommend it to him to add a few dates on the margin, to break his pages into more paragraphs, and to revise his punctuation. He would make the book infinitely more saleable, too, if, without making the slightest variation in what is retained, he would omit about 200 pages of the siege of Nottingham, and other parish business: especially as the whole is now put beyond the reach of loss or corruption by the present full publication.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By T. Clarkson, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1808. Philadelphia, republished, James P. Parke, 1808. 2 vols. \$ 3.

THERE are works of so much moral worth, that it would imply a deadness of feeling in the critick, if, in reviewing them, he did not abate some part of his wonted attention to the minutiae of style or arrangement. That which a deep sense of the importance of his subject had withheld from the author's notice during the composition, should gain only a subordinate degree of attention from the reader. Not unfrequently, indeed, the style itself will become more noble and affecting on the whole, in consequence of this neglect of rhetorical accuracy. There are beauties of style, which, like night violets, send forth their odours, themselves unnoticed. The traveller receives the gentle refreshment as he hurries on, without knowing or asking whence it proceeds.

In this class, we do think, that the present publication may be included, if any work might dare to advance such claims. It contains the history of the rise and progress of an evil the most pernicious, if only because the

most criminal, that ever degraded human nature. The history of a war of more than two centuries, waged by men against human nature ; a war too carried on, not by ignorance and barbarism, against knowledge and civilisation ; not by half famished multitudes against a race blessed with all the arts of life, and softened and effeminated by luxury ; but, as some strange nondescript in iniquity, waged by unprovoked strength against uninjuring helplessness, and with all the powers which long periods of security and equal law had enabled the assailants to develop ; in order to make barbarism more barbarous, and to add, to the want of political freedom, the most dreadful and debasing personal suffering. Thus, all the effects and influences of freedom were employed to enslave ; the gifts of knowledge to prevent the possibility of illumination ; and powers, which could not have existed but in consequence of morality and religion, to perpetuate the sensual vices, and to ward off the emancipating blow of Christianity ; and as if this were not enough, positive laws were added by the best and freest nation of Christendom, and powers intrusted to the basest part of its population, for purposes which would almost necessarily make the best men become the worst.

Nor are the effects of this strange war less marvelous than its nature. It is a war in which the victors fall lower than the vanquished ; in which the oppressors are more truly objects of pity than the oppressed ; while, to the nation which had most extensively pursued and most solemnly authorized it, it was an eating ulcer into the very vitals of its main resources as to defence, and a slow poison acting on that constitution which was the offspring, and has continued to be the protector, of its freedom and prosperity. In short, the present work is the history of one great calamity, one long continuous crime, involving every possible definition of evil ; for it combined the wildest physical suffering, with the most atrocious moral depravity.

Were these the whole contents of this work, it would command the conscientious attention of every good man ; for we must know, abhor, and pity the evil, before we can have light to guide, or vital warmth to propel us towards its removal. But this is not all. It is the history of its removal ; of the means employed ; of the patience exerted ; of the fears and prudential sophistries which incessantly tempted virtuous hope to despondency ; and of the glorious success which at length rewarded its perseverance. Finally, this interesting tale is related, not by a descendant, but a contemporary ; not by a distant spectator, but by a participator of the contest ; and, of all the many participators, by the man confessedly the most efficient ; the man whose unparalleled labours, in this work of love and peril, leave on the mind of a reflecting reader the sublime doubt, which of the two will have been the greater final gain to the moral world,—the removal of the evil, or the proof thereby given what mighty effects single good men may realize by self-devotion and perseverance.

To those who have not considered the nature of the slave trade in its detail, or examined the evidences which were acted upon by the late legislature of Great Britain, our expressions may appear forced and extravagant. But if the perusal of this work, together with the evidences adduced before the committee of the house of commons, and the earlier masterly pamphlet of our author, "On the impolicy of the Slave Trade," do not furnish them with facts giving full and appropriate meaning to each word of each sentence we have used, we must either suppose obstinate prejudices, or appear to ourselves to wander in a world of enigma.



After a few pages of general introduction, which might, perhaps, have been omitted with advantage, the author commences his history by an eloquent and dramatick representation of the evils belonging to the slave trade, with respect to the Africans, in its three principal stages. First, on the continent of Africa; secondly, in the middle passage; thirdly, in the West Indies and the adjoining colonies. This is followed by a well reasoned and affecting counterpart of the evil, in the grievous effects of this trade on those who are employed in carrying it on. First, on the masters and men of the slave ships; next, on the factors and those employed in purchasing or seizing the unhappy victims; and, lastly, on the planters and owners of slaves, and on the countries in general in which slavery is established. We have, indeed, always been of opinion, that too little stress has been laid on *this* part of the subject. The sufferings of the Africans were calculated, no doubt, to make a more rapid and violent impression on the imaginations and bodily sympathies of men; but the dreadful depravity that of necessity was produced by it on the immediate agents of the injustice; and the further influence of such corruption on the morals of countries that are in habits of constant commercial intercourse, and who speak the same language; these, though not susceptible of colours equally glaring, do yet form a more extensive evil,—an evil more certain, and of a more measurable kind. These are evil in the form of guilt; evil in its most absolute and most appropriate sense; that sense to which the sublimest teachers of moral wisdom, Plato, Zeno, Leibnitz, have confined the appellation; and which, therefore, on a well disciplined spirit, will make an impression deeper than could have been left by mere agony of body, or even anguish of mind; in proportion as vice is more hateful than pain; eternity more awful than time. To this may be added, the fatal effects on national morals, from the publick admission of principles *professedly* incompatible with justice, and from the implied disavowal of any obligation paramount to that of immediate expediency, compared with which even state-hypocrisy may not have been without its good effects. Those who estimate all measures, institutions and events, exclusively by their palpable and immediate effects, are little qualified to trace, and less inclined to believe, the ceaseless agency of those subtler causes to which the philosopher attributes the deterioration of national character. Yet history will vouch for us, if we affirm, that no government ever avowedly acted on immoral principles (as, for instance, the Prussian, since the accession of their Frederick *the unique*, as the Germans style him, and the court of France from the administration of Richelieu) without inducing a proportional degradation in the virtue and dignity of the individuals who form the mass of the nation.

Consistently with this conviction, our author, though least of all men insensible of the meritorious efforts of legislators acting in their legislative capacity, yet commences and concludes his history in one and the same spirit, every where aiming to establish the dignity and importance of individual minds, as the ultimate causes of moral phenomena, good or evil. Hence his conscientious anxiety to trace, from the earliest times, those who, by bearing publick testimony concerning the iniquity of this trade, had produced that state of knowledge and feeling throughout society, which was an indispensable condition of legislative interference for its removal. Hence, too, his amiable and cheerful faith, that all is safe, that all is virtually *effected* (*εἰργασται*, as Medea says in Euripides) when the good and intelligent part of the community have united in the same conviction. This is, indeed, the more amiable, since, great as was the effect of his own "Essay on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade;" yet, his indefatigable, personal labours form the more prominent and unusual characteristick of his fame. His writings, as well as the evidences

adduced to the legislature, and the facts so eloquently managed by the great parliamentary advocates for the abolition, were but the results of those, perhaps unexampled, personal exertions.

It is a peculiar advantage of this subject, that the history of the abolition of the slave trade involves the history of the trade itself; as the manifestation of its rise and progress, by the detail of attested facts, and by the arguments deduced from them, furnished the sole weapons with which the friends of human nature could carry on their contest, or hope for final success. The history of the evil, therefore, and the history of its removal, though in themselves perfectly distinct, are not only compatible with the strictest unity of plan, but necessarily lead to it. And well may we deem both the one and the other awfully impressive: for the victory can scarcely prove more beneficent than the combat was arduous, the struggle obstinate.

This difficulty our author has stated with equal conciseness and energy.

Many evils, says he, of a publick nature, which existed in former times, were the offspring of ignorance and superstition, and they were subdued, of course, by the progress of light and knowledge. But the evil in question began in avarice. It was nursed also by worldly interest. It did not, therefore, so easily yield to the usual correctives of disorders in the world. We may observe also, that the interest by which it was thus supported, was not that of a few individuals, nor of one body, but of many bodies of men. It was interwoven again into the system of the commerce and of the revenue of nations. Hence the merchant—the planter—the mortgagee—the manufacturer—the politician—the legislator—the cabinet-minister—lifted up their voices against the annihilation of it.

This trade seems to have been begun as early as the year 1503, when a few slaves were sent from the Portuguese settlements in Africa into the Spanish colonies in America. In 1511, it was greatly enlarged by Ferdinand the Fifth of Spain; and the benevolent Bartholomew de las Casas, blinded by anguish of compassion for the poor American Indians, proposed to the government of Spain, then administered by cardinal Ximenes, during the minority of Charles the Fifth, the establishment of a regular commerce in the persons of the native Africans. “The cardinal, however (says our author) with a foresight, a benevolence, and a justice, which will always do honour to his memory, rejected the proposal; not only judging it to be unlawful to consign innocent people to slavery at all, but to be very inconsistent to deliver the inhabitants of one country from a state of misery by consigning it to those of another. Ximenes, therefore, may be considered as one of the first great friends of the Africans, after the partial beginning of the trade.”

It is no less pleasant to consider, that in the two nations to which the larger portion of this commerce belongs, it was first introduced by a base imposition on the government. Louis the Thirteenth was duped by assurances, that the main object of the adventurers was to facilitate the conversion of the poor Africans to Christianity: and our Elizabeth, suspecting the truth of the fine tales told to her of the redemption of poor victims from cruel deaths, and their eagerness to emigrate to happier lands, “expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off *without their free consent*, declaring that it would be *detestable*, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon the undertakers.”

Thus our author proceeds to prove, that from the very commencement of the trade to the first combination for its abolition,—from the truly great cardinal Ximenes to the illustrious ministers Pitt and Fox, there were never wanting voices to declare its iniquity: that the best and most active good men, in the most different sects of religious or political opinion, had united their suffrages and efforts against this affrightful piracy, impudently enti-



bled commerce, whenever they were made acquainted with its real state. To the testimonies of these men, aided by the spread of moral knowledge, the extension of education, and the general increase of readers, our author has justly ascribed that state of the publick mind, which has so eminently favoured and supported the good cause ; and which, but for the delays occasioned by its unblushing but too powerful antagonists, must (as the facts contained in the two last chapters of the first volume clearly prove) have succeeded in storming and demolishing this fabrick of iniquity at the first attack. These names, whether of statesmen or of authors, from our author's first class, viz. that of the individuals who, by enlightening the publick mind, and kindling the publick feelings, produced, as it were, the materials, which the associate bodies, constituting a second class, were enabled to employ and organize. From the catalogue of honoured names in the first class, we must select, as deserving of especial reverence, those of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and John Woolman, a quaker of unsectarian benevolence, and of principles *truly* evangelical.

The second class consists almost wholly of the quakers in two divisions, —the former division comprising the efforts of the whole as a religious body, the latter the efforts of those individual quakers, who were the first, and ever remained among the most active members of a committee for the abolition of the slave trade. In the year 1727, and still more strongly in the year 1758, the quakers, at their yearly meeting, and in their collective character, fervently warned all their members to avoid being any way concerned in this unrighteous commerce. In the yearly meeting of 1761, they proceeded to exclude from membership such as should be found directly concerned in this practice : and, in 1763, declared it to be criminal to aid and abet the trade in any manner, directly or indirectly. From this time there appears to have been an increasing zeal on this subject among the friends, so as to impel the society to step out of its ordinary course in behalf of their injured fellow men. Accordingly, in the month of June, 1783, the friends collectively petitioned the house of commons against the continuance of this traffick ; and afterwards, both collectively and individually, exerted themselves by the press, by private correspondence, and by personal journies, to enlighten the minds of men concerning it, especially those of the rising generation. Indeed, by the frequent intercommunion of the missionary quakers from England to America, and America to England, the quakers had earlier and greater opportunities than any other body of men in Great Britain, of becoming acquainted with its horrors ; while, from their religious principles, they were likely to be the first in becoming uneasy under the sense of its injustice. Three or four years prior to the establishment of that publick committee, to whose persevering efforts we undoubtedly owe the abolition of the slave trade, six quakers had been in the habit of meeting privately, for the purpose of exposing and discouraging it by all legal means. For this purpose, they had secured a place in two London, and in many provincial papers, for such essays as they deemed most likely to influence the minds of unprejudiced readers in favour of the object of their institution. In 1787, Mr. Clarkson, whose attention had been turned to the subject, as he ingenuously relates, in the first instance, wholly by academick ambition, there having been given out, as the theme of the bachelors' prize, in the university of Cambridge, "*Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare ?*" discovered the existence of this small but benevolent institution, and, joining himself with it, raised upon it the superstructure of the great publick committee, which appeared afterwards.

The publick efforts of Mr. Wilberforce, the sincere zeal and splendid eloquence of Mr. Fox, and of other senators in both houses, are so universally known and so properly estimated, that we shall content ourselves with observing, that the specimens of eloquence which are here given, were taken down with uncommon care, and will surprise and delight such readers as have taken their ideas of Pitt, Fox, and Wilberforce, as orators, exclusively from newspaper reports. We refer, with especial admiration, to the second speech of Mr. Wilberforce, on the 18th of April 1791, after the accumulation of evidence had rendered him perfectly master of the subject, vol. II. p. 212 to 255; to Mr. William Smith's, 281 to 299; to Mr. Pitt's, 304 to 317; to Mr. Fox's, 318 to 333; but, above all, to the admirable reply of this truly great man to the speeches of the then Messrs. Addington and Dundas in favour of moderate measures, 407 to 415. It is among the happiest productions of a rapid and vigorous intellect, called into action suddenly by the warmth of an honest and noble heart. The feeling seems all intellect,—the intellect all feeling. Never surely was the project of a medium between truth and falsehood, justice and injustice, rendered more completely ridiculous; nor the paltry wisdom of a narrow self-interest so withered and blasted by the lightnings of genius and virtue.

Without confining ourselves to our author's more complex classification, we have alluded to three of the four classes into which the abolitionists of the slave trade may be divided. The first, that of the individuals who, by writings or publick declarations, had prepared the minds of their countrymen for the abolition. The second, that of associate bodies, namely, the quakers in their collective capacity, and the committee who, during so many years, pursued this great object with such indefatigable energy. The third, that of the illustrious members of the legislature, who arranged themselves under Mr. Wilberforce, and preeminently that great and good man, among whose deathbed consolations the certainty of the complete abolition of the trade, as the result of his own short ministry, was (of all external events) the chief and most soothing. The merits of the last class, indeed, are already well known to the publick; and the details, both of it and of the two former, are ably and perspicuously given in their several places in these interesting volumes. We shall pay, therefore, a more minute attention to the fourth class, namely, that of the individuals, whose personal toils and unwearied efforts were not only highly conducive to the ultimate event, but were an indispensable condition of it. And this we feel especially a duty, because, from motives of delicacy, one of the most meritorious has been prevented from stating his own services as clearly and prominently as, for the benefit of mankind, they ought to have been stated. The gratitude which we feel to the illustrious benefactors of our race, ennobles our own hearts. It is a debt, the payment of which enriches the mind which discharges it. We participate of the goodness and greatness which we learn habitually to love and admire.

At the head of this list unquestionably stands the name of Mr. Wilberforce—a name already sanctified and immortalized in the memories of all good men, and to which, in any quarter of the world, it would be impertinent to annex any eulogium. He it was who first brought the evil to light, and ceased not until he pursued it to justice. He it was, who, for twenty long years, watched day and night over the sacred flame which his eloquence had kindled, and cherished and kept it alive when, chilled by an atmosphere of false policy, and blown upon by the breath of corruption, it sickened, and almost ceased to glow; nay, when the broader glare of other fires drew away from it the eyes of all men, he kept it steadily in view, and



sent it forth at last to consume the scourges and fetters of oppression, and to purify and enlighten a benighted world. Mr. Wilberforce indubitably has been the great captain of the abolitionists; and without his courage, and skill, and unwearied perseverance, their cause must long since have been lost and abandoned.

Next to him, we think it a duty to mention the name of Mr. Granville Sharp, the cause and occasion of whose exertions in this great work, are related with much feeling and simplicity, vol. I. pp. 63 to 79. Regardless of the dangers to which he exposed himself, both in his person and his fortune, Mr. Sharp stood forward in every case as the courageous friend of the poor Africans in England, in direct opposition to an opinion of York and Talbot, the attorney and solicitor general for the time being. This opinion had been acted upon; and so high was its authority, that, after it had been made publick, it was held as the settled law of the land, that a slave, neither by baptism, nor arrival in Great Britain or Ireland, acquires freedom; but may be legally forced back to the plantations. Discouraged by judge Blackstone, and several other eminent lawyers, Mr. Sharp devoted three years of his life to the study of the English law, that he might render himself the more effectual advocate of these friendless strangers. In his work, entitled, "A Representation of the Injustice and dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery in England," published in the year 1769, and afterwards, in his learned and laborious "Inquiry into the Principles of Villenage," he refuted the opinion of York and Talbot by unanswerable arguments, and neutralized their authority by the counter opinion of the great lord chief-justice Holt, who many years before had decided, that as force could be used against no man in England without a legal process, every slave coming into England became free, inasmuch as the laws of England recognised the distinction between person and property as perpetual and sacred. Finally, in the great case of Somerset, which was argued at three different sittings in January, in February, and in May of the year 1772 (the opinion of the judges having been taken upon the pleadings) it was at last ascertained and declared to be the law of the land, that as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory, he became free. Among the heroes and sages of British story, we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man to whom we owe our power of repeating with truth—

"Slaves cannot breathe in England. If their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free.  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
Oh! this is noble!"

Solicitous, even to anxiety, as our author shows himself, in developing and holding forth the merits of all his individual coadjutors, he appears, with the exception of Mr. Wilberforce, to dwell with peculiar pleasure and warmth of sympathy on the character and labours of Mr. Sharp.

The last person, on whose merits we think it necessary to dwell individually, is the author of the volumes before us. The account which he gives of the rise and progress of his enthusiasm in this cause is very curious and interesting. To some it may appear to be tinged with superstition, or to trespass beyond the limits of sober philanthropy; but to those who know the magnitude of the evil, and who think of the greatness of the redress which has at last been obtained, the simplicity and sensibility of heart which Mr. Clarkson here displays, must be objects of veneration and of envy. The details of his progress have raised our opinion of human nature; and the account even of his inward feelings and emotions becomes highly interesting, when we recollect to what noble exertions and heroick sacrifices

they afterwards conducted him. After stating, with the most ingenuous simplicity, that he was led to consider the subject, in the first instance, solely by the desire of university reputation, and having particularized his first sources of information, chiefly consisting of manuscript papers of a deceased friend, who had been in the trade, and of a work, known to him by the accident of a newspaper advertisement, "Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea," proceeds thus :

Furnished then, in this manner, I began my work ; but no person can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments ; from the arrangement of them ; from the putting of them together ; and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day time I was uneasy. In the night I had little rest. I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief. It became now not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa ; and keeping this idea in my mind, even after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause. Having at length finished this painful task, I sent my essay to the vice-chancellor, and soon afterwards found myself honoured, as before, with the first prize.

As it is usual to read these essays in the senate house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went and performed my office. On returning, however, to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself, in these intervals, that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wadesmill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf, by the road side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.

In the course of the autumn of the same year, I experienced similar impressions. I walked frequently into the woods, that I might think on the subject in solitude, and find relief to my mind there. But there the question still recurred, "Are these things true?" Still the answer followed as instantaneously, "They are."—Still the result accompanied it, "Then surely some person should interfere." I then began to envy those who had seats in parliament, and who had great riches, and widely extended connexions, which would enable them to take up this cause. Finding scarcely any one at that time who thought of it, I was turned frequently to myself. But here many difficulties arose. It struck me, among others, that a young man of only twenty-four years of age could not have that solid judgment, that knowledge of men, manners, and things, which were requisite to qualify him to undertake a task of such magnitude and importance.—And with whom was I to unite? I believed also, that it looked so much like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that my understanding would be suspected if I proposed it. On ruminating, however, on the subject, I found one thing at least practicable, and that this also was in my power. I could translate my Latin dissertation:—I could enlarge it usefully:—I could see how the publick received it, or how far they were likely to favour any serious measures, which should have a tendency to produce the abolition of the slave trade. Upon this then, I determined ; and in the middle of the month of November 1785, I began my work.

In consequence of the obligation in conscience which our author felt to publish this essay, he became accidentally acquainted with the six quakers, who, unknown to the publick, had devoted themselves to the same cause. Through these he was first introduced to the labours of Mr. Granville Sharp, and the controversial writings of Ramsay.

Soon after, having received distinct encouragement from Bennet Langton, Dr. Baker, lord and lady Scarsdale, and lady and sir Charles Middleton



(now lord Barham) all of whom are introduced to our acquaintance in the most pleasing manner, and with many interesting anecdotes, the author, at the house of the latter, declared himself ready to devote himself entirely to the cause. After serious consideration, and many struggles of reason and of feeling, he persisted in the resolution. He followed it out; and sacrificed to it his youth, his manhood, his health, and his worldly prosperity. The reader will henceforward follow him with unintermitting interest. The account of his introduction to Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox, could not fail to interest, in the perusal, even on a less important object. It is not, indeed, the least delightful impression left on our mind by these volumes, that we rise with a faith in the *goodness* of many of those whom we have been accustomed to contemplate chiefly as *great* and *powerful*; and feel the asperity of party prejudices die away when we find, that, where the cause of justice, and the liberation of the oppressed, call forth their efforts, so many political opponents felt no rivalry but that of zealous exertion in the same good cause.

Greatly must our author have congratulated himself, that such men as Wilberforce, Fox, and Pitt, were his countrymen and contemporaries, admired and revered by the nation, and in the full enjoyment of their natural and acquired powers,—of that robust, yet agile and fervid logick, by which they rendered irresistible the weight and mass of evidence dug up, as it were, and brought to light by his indefatigable toils. Independent, too, of that genius which they possessed in common, there was a felicity in the nature and separate department of the influence of each of the three, which, on such an occasion, we may venture to call providential. The example and authority of Mr. Fox, which could not be powerless, even on the minds of his political opponents, acted with especial strength on that class which had distinguished themselves as the less timid friends of freedom and general illumination. Now, though this class contained its full share of disinterested, enlightened, and patriotick individuals, yet it cannot be denied, that their characteristick zeal for constitutional liberty had been assumed as a mask by many of lax and unconstitutional principles. The wishes and supposed designs of these men seen magnified through the mist occasioned by the panick of property, and (what was worse) attributed to thousands who held in abhorrence the whole Gallican code, as far as it was contradistinguished from our own, threatened every measure proposed by Mr. Fox with unpopularity, if not active opposition. We have too many analogous facts on record to render it probable that this, if Mr. Fox had stood single in the contest, would have scared away many truly good and pious persons (especially the more religious females in the higher ranks of society) and given a dangerous pretext to the adherents and patrons of the trade. To this danger, the fervent loyalty and known piety of Mr. Wilberforce and his particular friends presented a powerful antidote; while to the manufacturers and merchants, who were willing enough to impute their zeal to a fanatical enthusiasm, the name of Mr. Pitt seemed to hold out a still higher sanction.

We admit, therefore, that the countenance which Mr. Pitt gave to the cause of the abolition, was of the utmost consequence to its success. It discountenanced the opposition which it did not prevent; it confirmed the opinion of many who were too indolent not to prefer authority to evidence; and gave a license to many to express and to act upon a conviction which they might otherwise have been induced to suppress. By his eloquence, and by his authority, he gave confidence to the cause of justice, and currency to the dictates of reason. When we consider the solemnity of his pro-

testations, and the great political interest of those whom he disobliged by his exertions, it is painful, and almost impossible to admit any doubt of his sincerity. Yet, if he was sincere, he certainly was not zealous in the cause; and neglected so many opportunities of promoting it, that it was not without wonder that we found Mr. Clarkson's book inscribed to his *Memory*, in a dedication in which the name of Mr. Wilberforce is omitted. That he was not altogether so zealous in the cause as his professions would lead us to believe, appears from a variety of circumstances. In the first place, from the uniform and strenuous opposition of Mr. Dundas, who had, in this instance, no immediate interest to serve, and was never known to differ from his patron on speculative grounds. In the second place, from the uniform failure of the cause in parliament, during his long and strong administration. For the long space of twenty years, Mr. Pitt could persuade about three fourths of the members of parliament to adopt any scheme of finance, or of external policy, which he chose to countenance,—but could never once prevail with a bare majority to support him against the slave traders and consignees of sugar in Bristol and Liverpool. Even in 1805, he was in a minority upon a decision on that question;—and yet, no sooner did the late ministry come into power, than they contrived, some how or other, so effectually to remove those deep rooted scruples, that the bill for the instant abolition passed almost unanimously;—there being, if we rightly remember, no more than 16 dissentient voices out of a very full attendance in the lower house. The most suspicious thing, however, in all Mr. Pitt's conduct was his proceedings in 1797, and in 1805, with regard to the Dutch colonies of Guiana, Demarary, Berbice, &c. Those possessions fell into our hands in 1797; and having been prevented from supplying themselves with negroes during the war, were ready to take off a greater number than usual. It was in the power of the ministry, without a vote of parliament, to prohibit or restrain the slave trade of those colonies, by a mere order in council. Mr. Pitt, however, took no such step; and such was the vast addition that was consequently made to the British slave trade, that the annual importation was immediately increased from 25,000 to 57,000,—being an addition of no less than 32 000. This tremendous traffick went on under Mr. Pitt's eye for eight years; and then, when the extended cultivation of those new colonies had begun to sink the value of West India produce, and of the old plantations, the clamours of the sugar dealers produced that interference which humanity and justice had formerly solicited in vain. In August 1805, Mr. Pitt annihilated the whole slave trade of the Dutch colonies, by a single order in council. This he did avowedly to appease the jealousies, and allay the clamours of the planters in the old islands; and this he did not do in 1797, or any of the intervening years, though he had it all that time in his power, and though he was all that time making eloquent professions of the horror and detestation with which he regarded this inhuman traffick.

The most interesting part of this book, after all, perhaps, is the account of the author's incredible perseverance in procuring evidence. And here it is indeed a most observable fact, and one which conveys the keenest satire on the cause of his opponents, that though, of the few witnesses which toil, danger, and the voice of conscience, had with difficulty obtained from distant parts of the kingdom, not above a third were heard in evidence; and though, even of these, a great and important part were men in humble situations in life; while, on the other hand, every individual of the numerous witnesses in favour of this traffick (and these men of the highest rank and fortune,—admirals, governours, and wealthy proprietors) were heard,



and four fifths of the time allotted to the examinations, liberally devoted to them ; yet, such was the force of truth, that, with the exception of the members of the interested cities, and of one or two individuals closely connected with the trade, no one of the opponents of the abolition ever pretended to doubt the attestations of the humble and despised few, or to believe the truth of the testimony, however they might respect the veracity, of the great and powerful body of counter witnesses. The conduct and fate of the individual, against whom, in his own presence, our author was reluctantly cross-examined, and which is related Vol. II, p. 181, with a delicacy most honourable to Mr. Clarkson's feelings, will furnish an awful warning to those who can be bold in defence of evil, and shrink away from their own prior testimony in support of truth and justice.

With a deep interest, and the warmest sympathy, we have followed our author in his journeys to Bristol, during his hazardous detection of the horrors of those publick houses employed to allure unhappy mariners into the pitfall of guilt and perdition ; the dread which—after he had brought a murderer to trial—his presence spread among the whole party concerned in this immemorial opprobrium of that city\* [Vol. I. from p. 292 to 368.] and during his yet more toilsome and hazardous adventures at Liverpool, in which his life was more than once in imminent jeopardy ; and all his ceaseless pursuit of facts and individuals, which enabled him, in the year 1788, to arrange and publish that great body of evidence comprized in his work of "The Impolicy of the Slave Trade," to which nothing was, or could indeed be added ; with one exception, viz. that of the important documents procured by the authority, and enforced by the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, concerning the black population of the colonies, its gradual increase, and undoubted capability of supporting itself, unaided by fresh importations. This was, indeed, a most important accession ; for although the fact, so established, had been absolutely demonstrated *a priori*, from the congeniality of the West Indian climate with the African constitutions, and the known prolificity of the blacks under very unfavourable circumstances ; yet the quarter from which these documents were furnished added prodigiously to their strength, and furnished the abolitionists with a weapon against which the most unabashed impudence, and the blindest prejudice, could present no defensive armour. And in fact, after the publication of the "Impolicy," and the appearance of these documents, the whole ground of *argument* was in a manner abandoned, and the agents of the slave merchants and planters recurred wholly to secret intrigues, and the lowest tricks of delay. Blessed as the final event has been, we cannot, without the most painful shame, remember, that, even thus baffled, confuted, and put to silence, they remained dangerously powerful ; and that blind and unfeeling avarice ran a race of perseverance with humanity and the sense of national honour, in which the latter, more than once, appeared to lag behind, and to rest, as if desirous of sleeping.

\* "Directly opposite the Irish coast, there is a seaport town called Bristol, the inhabitants of which frequently sail into Ireland, to sell, there, people whom they had bought up throughout all England. They exposed to sale maidens in a state of pregnancy, with whom they made a sort of mock marriages. There you might see with grief, fastened together by ropes, whole rows of wretched beings, of both sexes, of elegant forms, and in the very bloom of youth, a sight sufficient to excite pity even in barbarians, daily offered for sale to the first purchaser. Accursed deed ! Infamous disgrace ! that men, acting in a manner which brutal instinct alone would have forbidden, should sell into slavery their relations, nay, even their own offspring." *William of Malmesbury, Book ii. ch. 20.—Life of St. Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester.*

Then was made apparent the great importance, and even the necessity, of an association, formed on such principles, and composed of such individuals, as was the committee for the abolition. They remained unwearied on the watch tower. Under their auspices our author renewed his journeys for witnesses—we might almost say, his one, long, and continued journey! We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following passage, as a singular instance of almost unexampled perseverance. There were, it seems, strong grounds of suspicion concerning the mode of procuring the slaves which were brought down from the interior on the rivers of Calabar and Bonny. From a variety of circumstances, the committee inferred, that a part, or perhaps the greater part, had been kidnapped. How, then, says our author, were we to decide this important question? for it was said, that no white man was ever permitted by the natives to go up in their canoes. On mentioning, accidentally, these circumstances to a friend, this friend informed him, that he himself had been in company, about a year before, with a sailor, a very respectable looking man, who had been up these rivers. He had spent half an hour with him at an inn, and described his person; but he knew nothing of his name, or of the place of his abode. All he knew was, that he was either going, or that he belonged to some ship of war in ordinary; but he could not tell at what port.

Our author, determining to find out so important a witness, procured from sir C. Middleton, as the comptroller of the navy, a permission to board all the ships of war in ordinary. Ships of war in ordinary are those which are out of commission, and laid up in the different rivers and waters in the neighbourhood of the king's dock yards. For the completion of this interesting tale, we shall use our author's own words.

At length I began my journey. I boarded all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford I proceeded to Woolwich, where I did the same. Thence I hastened to Chatham, and then, down the Medway, to Sheerness. I had now boarded above a hundred and sixty vessels of war. I had found out two good and willing evidences among them; but I could gain no intelligence of him who was the object of my search.

From Chatham I made the best of my way to Portsmouth harbour. A very formidable task presented itself here; but the masters' boats were ready for me, and I continued my pursuit. On boarding the *Pegase*, on the second day, I discovered a very respectable person in the gunner of that ship. His name was George Millar. He had been on board the *Canterbury* slave-ship at the dreadful massacre at Calabar. He was the only disinterested evidence living, of whom I had yet heard. He expressed his willingness to give his testimony, if his presence should be thought necessary in London. I then continued my pursuit for the remainder of the day. On the next day, I resumed and finished it for this quarter. I had now examined the different persons in more than a hundred vessels in this harbour; but I had not discovered the person I had gone to seek.

Matters now began to look rather disheartening; I mean as far as my grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. I determined, however, to go to Plymouth. I had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length; and the probability was, that as I should continue to move among the same kind of people, my success would be in a similar proportion, according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to me to proceed. At length I arrived at the place of my last hope. On my first day's expedition I boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave trade. One or two had been there in king's ships; but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close; and, notwithstanding my success, as to general evidence, in this journey, my heart began to beat. I was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning, I felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear; and in this state I entered my boat. The fifty-seventh vessel I boarded was the *Melampus* frigate.



One person belonging to it, on examining him in the captain's cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa; and I had not long discoursed with him, before I found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was the man. I found, too, that he unravelled the question in dispute precisely as our inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river Calabàr in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these, they came within a certain distance of a village. They then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during the daylight; but at night they went up to it armed, and seized all the inhabitants, who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second, they were out eight or nine days, when they made a similar attempt, and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women, and children, as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms, and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the *Melampus* was Isaac Parker. On inquiring into his character from the master of the division, I found it highly respectable. I found also, afterward, that he had sailed with captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world. It was also remarkable, that my brother, on seeing him in London, when he went to deliver his evidence, recognised him as having served on board the *Monarch* man of war, and as one of the most exemplary men in that ship.

I returned now in triumph. I had been out only three weeks, and I had found out this extraordinary person, and five respectable witnesses besides. These, added to the three discovered in the last journey, and to those provided before, made us more formidable than at any former period; so that the delay of our opponents, which we had looked upon as so great an evil, proved in the end truly serviceable to our cause.

Willingly, if our space permitted it, and if it were not our duty to refer our readers to the work itself, we should follow our author in his journey through France at the commencement of the revolution, and his interviews with Mirabeau, Brissot, and others of the then popular demagogues. Of Mirabeau, our author has inserted a letter, which is *truly French*. With a much lower opinion of Mirabeau's talents than Mr. Clarkson seems to entertain, we yet could have wished to have seen more of his letters. In reading this part of the work, two reflections force themselves upon us—the one honourable to our author, the other to our country. When we consider how perfectly unconnected Mr. Clarkson has preserved himself from all political partialities, neither blaming one party nor extolling another, but devoted, as he felt himself, to one great work, and almost deeming an ignorance of whatever might distract him from it, to be a duty, we were particularly pleased with the courage with which he defends the moral character and intentions of Brissot. It was natural, almost inevitable, that a man with such objects and such feelings as Mr. Clarkson's, should be strongly prepossessed in favour of every one who felt, or appeared to feel, equal zeal in the same cause. He may or may not have been deceived in the virtues of Brissot; but, considering his attachment to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce, and his evident personal affection for the latter, it was a noble act of fortitude to step forward, and, with no wish to decide on the publick principles of the man, yet to give his attestation for the purity of his motives, and the innocence of his private life. The second involves a far more important fact. In Great Britain, the chiefs, the eminent characters as to influence at least, though not talent, arranged themselves under different banners in this contest. A majority of the cabinet, it is believed, were hostile to the abolition; but the nation, throughout city, town, and village, was only not unanimous: and though the almost weekly explosion of new events, all of them more or less directly affecting the interests of Great Britain, drew away their attention, or deadened their zeal, for a time, as to this great subject, yet it was only necessary to proclaim the same facts anew, and the same zeal was rekindled, the same sense of duty felt and expressed by all classes. In France, on the contrary,

the most eminent characters were deeply interested for a little moment in the abolition; but the people throughout France were either ignorant of the horrors of the trade, or unaffected by them. This is that which constitutes the true, the fundamental strength of our empire. Great Britain is, indeed, a *living body politic*: the chain of interests extends in unbroken links from the great city to the far extremities of the empire; and thoughts and feelings are conducted by it with the rapidity of an electric charge. At the commencement of the revolution, a temporary enthusiasm seems, indeed, to have shed one and the same spirit on the great majority of the French people; but (wanting both the continuous gradation of ranks which exists in our landed property, and that unbroken connexion of interests produced by insular situation; our national debt; our established commercial preeminence; and that unbounded confidence between man and man, which is the consequence of these) the enthusiasm was transient; and the first victorious soldier, who dared act the traitor, gave proof to all Europe, that France had indeed an immense *populace*, but not a *people*; *plebem*, non *populum*. The republican legislators had laboured, by a variety of evolutions and schemes of arrangement, to give to the people the means of acting on, and influencing, the conduct of their governours. But conventional statutes, neither harmonizing with old customs, nor arising out of the state and circumstances of the country, could weave only a rope of sand; they could not supply that true link of interests, which law may protect and encourage, but which individuals must have previously created. London is the chief city of Great Britain; Paris a vast city in France. London is the true *heart* of the empire. No pulse beats there, which is not corresponded to proportionally through the whole circulation. Paris is a wen; and the existence of such an excrescence was not the least powerful cause of the failure of every effort to give France a free constitution.

Though much depressed by his ill success in France, Mr. Clarkson continued his labours, till excess of exertion, joined to repeated and bitter disappointments, utterly ruined his health; and, after a hard struggle, subdued a constitution naturally strong and vigorous beyond the lot of men in general, but shattered by anxiety and fatigue, and the sad probability, often forced upon his understanding, that all might at last have been in vain.

After this decision, says our author, the question was in a desperate state; for if the commons would not renew their own resolution, and the lords would not abolish the foreign part of the slave trade, what hope was there of success? It was obvious, too, that in the former house, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas voted against each other. In the latter, the lord chancellor Thurlow opposed every motion in favour of the cause. The committee, therefore, were reduced to this—either they must exert themselves without hope, or they must wait till some change should take place in their favour. As far as I myself was concerned, all exertion was then over. The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me. Sudden dizziness seized my head. A confused singing in the ears followed me wherever I went. On going to bed, the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking, too, if it continued but for half an hour, exhausted me, so that profuse perspirations followed; and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind for the like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees, in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years, I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write on behalf of the cause. In this period, I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent, too, to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my know-



ledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. The wound which these had produced was rendered still deeper by those cruel disappointments before related, which arose from the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony, after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them. But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them, and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing these forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled.\* These different circumstances, by acting together, had at length brought me into the situation just mentioned; and I was therefore obliged, though very reluctantly, to be born out of the field, where I had placed the great honour and glory of my life.

Mr. Clarkson, accordingly, retired for some years; and, by devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, had effected, by slow degrees, the restoration of his health. When a change of ministry took place, Mr. Fox and lord Grenville brought, not only their own, but all their official interest, to cleanse away this guilt from the national character; and our author and his virtuous coadjutors received the final reward of their labours in the legal abolition of the trade relatively to the British empire; which, conspiring with the same measure in America and Denmark, suspends at present, and in no short period must extinguish the existence of this infamy of Christendom altogether. There were many awful circumstances attendant on this final and formal consummation of the wishes and efforts of the good and enlightened. Mr. Fox, who, struggling up against the manifest decay of his mortal life, had assumed the place of power chiefly to effectuate the two grand objects of his anxiety, the peace of Europe, and the conclusion of the infamous and still more pernicious war against the continent of Africa, saw the vessel, after its long, tempestuous voyage, entering its harbour—and closed his eyes! The anchor was cast on the very last day of the ostensible ministry of his friends, and fifteen days after a notice of dismissal had been received by them from their sovereign.

Mr. Clarkson has assured us, from private conversations with Mr. Pitt, that this great minister felt it near to his heart, that his country should not only discontinue its permission of guilt so enormous, but that, by some well arranged plan of civilizing commerce, it should make compensation to the inhabitants of Africa for past oppressions. We feel an honest indignation, when we hear the difficulties attendant on such a plan ostentatiously held forth, and always on the supposition that the work is to be begun and carried on solely by unaided individuals. No! The guilt was national, and authorized by acts of the legislature. Let the compensation then be national also, and let the national wish be invested with powers of accomplishing it. Never, perhaps, has there occurred a time in which the command of virtue was so imperiously the dictate of prudence. If we retain our possessions in North America, these colonies, joined to commercial intercourse with the interior of Africa by means of its great rivers, would render our trade and manufactures independent of the continent of

\* It appears, in a note to this passage, highly to the honour of the late Mr. Whitebread, that as soon as he became acquainted with this circumstance, he generously undertook, in order to make Mr. Clarkson's mind easy on this subject, to make good all injuries, out of his own purse, which should arise to individuals from such persecution. Nobody heard at the time of this noble act of generosity. It is proud for England, that her commoners should be thus able and willing to baffle the schemes of oppression; and magnanimous enough, at the same time, to decline the fame they have deserved.

Europe, and safe from the wars in which European policy has so often involved us. The love of British conveniences and comforts will not cease with the cessation of the slave trade. If the desire of these conveniences (a circumstance of good omen, inasmuch as the multiplication of wants, and consequently of ideas, is the commencement of civilisation) if this desire of European implements and luxuries was so strong, that their petty kings were tempted thereby to kidnap their own subjects, burn their own towns, and lay waste their own fields, it certainly seems highly irrational to suppose, that the same, or greater inducements would not be an adequate motive for employing their tribes, in the first instance, perhaps, in the mere collection of the products of the country, and doubtless within no long period in the cultivation of whatever would certainly be accepted as the price of our importations. History, which furnishes proofs of the ultimate superiority of moral action over the powers either of climate or the lower parts of our nature, does not permit us to doubt, that the progress of such a plan will be accelerated beyond the conception of vulgar minds. We refer, not without pride, to the late progress made by the quakers in North America, over far more obstinate prejudices, in proof how soon liberal motives, substantiated by corresponding conduct, would gain the confidence of the African princes, and induce their tribes to refer to us as counsellors and guides.

It is surely not to be feared, for the time to come, that in contempt of uniform experience, we should ever attempt, for the sake of commerce, to govern by force of arms, an already peopled country. We have heard, indeed, the prosperity of America declared by lord Sidmouth, when he was minister of state, to be an awful warning to Great Britain, never hereafter to colonize a new country. Merciful heaven! that the brethren of our ancestors should have founded a mighty empire, indefinite in its increase—an empire which retains and is spreading all that constitutes “country” in a wise man’s feelings, viz. the same laws, the same customs, the same religion, and above all the same language; that, in short, to have been the mother of prosperous empires, is to be a warning to Great Britain! And whence this dread? Because, forsooth, our eldest born, when of age, had set up for himself; and not only preserving, but, in an almost incalculable proportion, increasing the advantages of former reciprocal intercourse, had saved us the expense and anxiety of defending, and the embarrassment of governing a country three thousand miles distant! That this separation was at length effected by violence, and the horrors of a civil war, is to be attributed solely to the ignorance and corruption of the many, and the perilous bigotry of a few. But Africa is free from the objections even of this “*Genus Attonitorum*,” both from the climate, and the absence of those temptations, which have been found too powerful in India.

The Africans are more versatile, more easily modified than perhaps any other known race. A few years of strict honesty and humane attention to their interests, affections, and prejudices, would abolish the memory of the past, or cause it to be remembered only as a fair contrast. The legislature of Great Britain having once decreed that no territorial conquest shall be made in Africa, this law having been made publick there, and enforced by correspondent conduct on the part of our mercantile agents, there would be less difficulty in buying up the tributes hitherto levied by the African chieftains on the great rivers, than William Penn found in purchasing the more important possession of Pennsylvania from the American Indians. Permission would in time be gained to raise commercial magazines, so armed and manned as should be found necessary for the



security of our countrymen. Privileges, both useful and flattering, should be held forth to such of the African tribes as would settle round each of these forts. Still higher honours should be given to the individuals among such settlers as should have learnt our language, and acquired our arts of manufacture or cultivation. Thus, each fort, instead of being, as hitherto, a magazine of death and depravity, would finally become a centre of civilisation, with diverging lines, the circumference of which would join or pass through similar circles.

The intercourse with every part of Africa would not only be rendered secure in relation to the natives, but, from their friendly dispositions, rendered less dangerous to the health of European adventurers, no longer compelled to remain unsheltered, exposed to the vertical sun by day, or the destructive dews of the night. How valuable the productions of Africa already known are, may be learnt by consulting either Mr. Clarkson's work on the Impolicy, or the volumes now before us, vol. II. p. 14, &c. or the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons. That these bear but a small proportion, both in number and value, to what would be hereafter discovered in consequence of our being masters of the great rivers, is most probable: and we are certain, that if African industry were awakened, few, indeed, are the articles necessary for our manufactures or consumption, which might not be raised in Africa, and come to us more cheaply, including the first cost and the freightage, than from any other part of the world.

Africa holds out no temptations, either to conquest or individual rapacity. The timid statesman will have to contemplate no independent American republic in its germ: the philosopher no future East Indian empire, to render peace short and insecure, and war more costly and anxious. It cannot be denied that the superstitions of the Africans will occasion great difficulties and embarrassments; but, by a systematick repression of all religious proselytism, except, indeed, that most effective instrument of conversion, the Christian conduct of our agents; by a prudent and affectionate attention to the wishes and comforts of the chieftains, and the Mandingo priests; and by sedulous endeavours to enlighten them as *men*, this obstacle might gradually be removed—at all events greatly lessened. Every individual employed in the different forts or settlements, should act under the conviction, that knowledge and civilisation must, in the first instance, form the foundation, not the superstructure, of Christianity.

The African character is strikingly contrasted with that of the North American Indians; and the facility with which the Africans are impressed, the rapidity with which they take the colours of surrounding objects, oftentimes place them in a degrading light, as men, but are most auspicious symptoms of what they may hereafter become, as citizens. A crowd of slaves shouting in triumph at the proclamation of the reestablishment of slavery (we allude to Villaret's letter) or fighting with desperate fury against their own countrymen, who had escaped from a common tyrant, will not, indeed, bear a comparison, in moral dignity, with the stern, unbending warriors of the interior of North America; and yet present far better *data* of hope, regarded prospectively, and as the materials of a future nation. The American Indians are savages: the Africans (to speak classically) barbarians. Of the civilisation of savages, we know no certain instance, the actual origin of Mexico and Peru, the only cases that have any claim at all to be adduced, not having been preserved even by the rudest tradition. But of the progress from barbarism to civilisation, through its

various stages, the history of every nation gives a more or less distinct example, in proportion to our opportunity of tracing it backward.

This distinction between the savage and barbarous state, which is indeed fruitful in consequences, bears upon the present question, in one important point, the willingness, we mean, with which barbarous tribes adopt, as it were at command, the changes in laws or religion, dictated to them by their leaders. Let no alarming zeal be betrayed: rather let the initiation into Christianity be held up as a distinction—as a favour to be bestowed; and it need not be doubted, that natural curiosity will prompt the chieftains, and most intelligent of the African tribes, to inquire into the particulars of a religion professed by a race confessedly so superiour to them, and that the sense of this superiority will act as a powerful motive toward their adoption of it. At all events, a long trial has been given to injustice and cruelty. Surely justice and benevolence may claim, that one experiment should be made of their influence, and in their favour.

In the commencement of this review, we stated our purpose, not to examine these volumes as a mere work of literature. It is sufficient for us to say, in concluding, that the style, in general, is perspicuous, correct, and characterized by a sort of scriptural simplicity, well suited both to the author and the subject. Here and there, indeed, we have met with an incongruous metaphor, and occasionally felt a want of cement in the style, from the shortness and independence of the sentences; but we can with truth aver, that the only fault which remained in our memory, after the perusal of the two volumes, was the want of a third. Many interesting events, such as the trial of Somerset, should have been given at large; and of the last part of the second volume, the narration appeared to us rather hurried. We rise, however, from the perusal, with feelings of gratitude and veneration to Mr. Clarkson, and with pleasing and favourable impressions of human nature in general.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

**A Voyage round the World, in the years 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804; in which the Author visited the principal Islands in the Pacifick Ocean, and the English Settlements of Port Jackson and Norfolk Island. By John Turnbull. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. 13s. 6d. Boards. London.**

SOME centuries ago, Europe could look but a little way into the varied state of society; and though every nation knew those which were in contact with it, yet it could only guess at the condition of those that were somewhat remote. France and Italy, in a high state of improvement, were aware that the Laplanders and the Muscovites were comparatively rude and ignorant: but they looked through a cloud to Africa and the East, and fancied that they perceived nations in a still lower state of progress. At the end of the 15th century, the discovery of an immense continent, with its islands, peopled by a strange and peculiar race of men, while it enlarged their knowledge, confounded their theories. They had formed a scale of improvement; had arranged on it the various nations which they surveyed; and had fixed the lowest point of ignorance and rudeness:—but the view of the inhabitants of America forced them to reconsider the subject, and to enlarge their scale by adding many degrees to the lower end of it. They saw tribes far inferiour to the rudest with which they had been hitherto acquainted; some whose intellectual powers were very little exercised; and others who seemed merely to vegetate on the earth, who strictly sur-



veyed only the present moment, gloomy and spiritless, and in whom all hope seemed to be dead.

These, however, in their several stages of degradation, were human beings capable of advancement in the road to knowledge and happiness; and the philosophical mind naturally feels a desire to know whether, in a course of years they had made any progress towards civilisation. Curiosity cannot readily obtain this information; since we have few inducements to revisit regions peopled by such inhabitants. Commerce expects there no gains, and conquest chooses other subjects. We are therefore much gratified when chance, as it were, leads navigators and traders to those countries which had before been slightly known. We are solicitous to learn what effect time has wrought; and what kind of harvest the few seeds of European improvement incidentally dropt may have produced.

The track in which the celebrated captain Cook moved is highly interesting to our feelings, because it led him among tribes which presented to view singular and simple manners, and because he paid them enlightened and benevolent visits. By means of his voyages, we contracted a kind of intimacy and friendship with them, and we feel a sincere concern in their fate. Nearly 40 years have now passed since that distinguished navigator first explored the islands in the south sea; and after such a lapse of time, we might naturally expect important changes in the condition of their inhabitants. This circumstance, therefore, among others, makes the voyage before us very attractive. It brings us minute tidings of people whom we had visited with captain Cook, and subsequently with King and Vancouver; and it narrates very particularly their present condition, which Mr. Turnbull is enabled to detail by the lengthened stay that he made among them. There is another set of friends, if it be safe to claim kindred with them, of whom also Mr. Turnbull speaks very minutely; we mean the colonists of Botany Bay; for here too his stay was considerable; and this part of the work we must regard, from the information which it gives, as of no small importance.

Mr. Turnbull thus describes his setting out, and the purpose of his voyage:

Whilst second officer of the *Barwell*, in her last voyage to China, in the year 1799, the first officer of that ship and myself had every reason to suppose, from our own actual observation, that the Americans carried on a most lucrative trade to the north west of that vast continent. Strongly impressed with this persuasion, we resolved on our return home to represent it to some gentlemen of well known mercantile enterprise. They approved of the speculation, and lost no time in preparing for its execution.

It was some time before we could find a vessel suited to the purpose of so long and perilous a voyage. A new ship, and built wholly of British oak, was at length purchased, and the command of it given to the above mentioned gentleman, whilst the cargo and trading part was intrusted to the writer. Having each of us, as owners, considerable shares, we were equally interested in the success of the voyage.

Having obtained the necessary permission of the honourable East India company, and completed all our preparations, we proceeded to Portsmouth in the latter end of May 1800; and having here joined our convoy and the East India fleet, finally left England on the first of July to push our fortunes in regions but little frequented by Europeans.

Their vessel was rather too small for such an expedition, not exceeding one hundred and twenty tons burthen: but in sailing she surpassed their most sanguine expectations. She was, says Mr. T. "generally half under water, but dived into it like an arrow, and rose to the surface without straining a rope yarn."—They touched at Madeira; and afterward, from the prevalence of southerly winds, they were obliged to bear up for St. Salva-

dor, in Brazil; where they were very far from being satisfied with the treatment which they received in the port of our good ally.—On their arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, they were much pleased with the appearance and usages of this important British settlement.

Our time passed so pleasantly at the Cape that we should not have regretted even a longer stay. Our intercourse with the town's people was satisfactory on both sides. We were received at once with the civility due to strangers, and the confidence which only exists between those of the same country. The singular mixture of inhabitants has had one not unpleasing effect. The characteristic singularities of the natives of different countries, whether by collision, or insensible and mutual imitation, are in a great degree polished away, and thus none of them are found to exist in any very repugnant excess. The Dutchman, indeed, still wears his hat in almost every assembly whether publick or private; and, in despite of every change of weather, the Frenchman of the Cape will still carry his umbrella; but the Dutchman of the Cape is still another creature from his countrymen of the Hague, and the Frenchman is here some degrees less frivolous.

The general character of the people, at least as it appeared to us, is made up of content, independence, and all those happy qualities which are the never failing scions of so fertile a root. Industry is here the certain means of fortune. There is commerce suited to every kind of capital, and a certain and profitable market for all produce and minor manufactures. Hence independence, and hence (is it not needless to mention a result so inevitable?) cheerfulness, self-esteem, and social affection.

At Port Jackson, in New South Wales, they found various ships; among which were the Royal Admiral from Europe, the Trimmer from Bengal, and the Harbinger from the Cape; all of these being, with regard to this port, on the same speculation as themselves. The captain went with the vessel on a trading scheme to the north-west, and Mr. Turnbull remained in the settlement, where he continued ten months; and concerning which he details, in four chapters, much useful information and many just remarks. The colony was then making great advances, though in no settlement under his majesty's government was an explosion more to be dreaded. The factious and discontented were numerous, and the military establishment was small.

It is not a little surprising that the natives bordering on the settlement, and mixing with our colonists, should have gained absolutely nothing in civilisation; and that they are still the same savages as when ground was first broken. The example set before them is certainly not, in many respects, the best; but still they are most perverse and inapt scholars.

These aboriginal inhabitants of this distant region are indeed beyond comparison the most barbarous on the surface of the globe. The residence of Europeans has here been wholly ineffectual. The natives are still in the same state as at our first settlement. Every day are men and women to be seen in the streets of Sydney and Paramatta, naked as in the moment of their birth. In vain have the more humane of the officers of the colony endeavoured to improve their condition. They still persist in the enjoyment of their ease and liberty in their own way, and turn a deaf ear to any advice upon this subject.

Is this to be imputed to a greater portion of natural stupidity than usually falls to the lot even of savages? By no means. If an accurate observation, and a quick perception of the ridiculous, be admitted as a proof of natural talents, the natives of New South Wales are by no means deficient. Their mimicking of the oddities, dress, walk, gait, and looks, of all the Europeans whom they have seen from the time of governor Phillip downwards, is so exact, as to be a kind of historick register of their several actions and characters. Governor Phillip and colonel Grose they imitate to the life. And to this day, if there be any thing peculiar in any of our countrymen, officers in the corps, or even of the convicts, any cast of the eye, or hobble in the gait, any trip, or strut, stammering or thick speaking, they catch it in the moment, and represent it in a manner which renders it impossible not to recognise the original. They are, moreover, great proficient in the language, and New-gate slang, of the convicts, and in case of any quarrel, are by no means unequal to them in the exchange of abuse.



But this is the sum total of their acquisitions from European intercourse. In every other respect they appear incapable of any improvement or even change. They are still as unprotected as ever against the inclemencies of weather, and the vicissitudes of plenty and absolute famine, the natural evils of a savage life. In their persons they are meagre to a proverb. Their skins are scarified in every part with shells, and their faces besmeared with shell lime and red gum. Their hair is matted with a moss, and what they call ornamented with sharks' teeth: and a piece of wood, like a skewer, is fixed in the cartilages of the nose. In a word, they compose altogether the most loathsome and disgusting tribe on the surface of the globe.

Their principal subsistence is drawn from the sea and rivers, the grand storehouse of nature in all the lands and islands of the Pacific; and were it not for this plentiful magazine, the natives of these islands must have long ceased to exist. From this cause it is reasonable to infer that the seacoast is much better inhabited than the interior. When a dead whale is cast on shore, they live sumptuously, flocking to it in great numbers, and seldom leaving it till the bones are well picked. Their substitute for bread is a species of root, something resembling the fern. It is roasted and pounded between two stones, and being thus mixed with fish, &c. constitutes the chief part of their food.

When all things are considered, we may still balance in our opinion of this settlement; which has been strongly reprobated by some, while others have prophesied that it will soon be the Poland of the southern hemisphere. The land is good: it has limestone for manure: the seas abound in fish: the cattle increase quickly: and coal has been discovered: but it is against *mind*, corrupt and depraved, that we have chiefly to contend; and the question is, how is it to be meliorated, and how shall the dregs of society be transformed into honest men and useful citizens? The great number of law suits in this colony is almost incredible; gambling is excessively prevalent; spirituous liquors are most eagerly sought; and a proneness to insubordination is but too frequent.

Leaving Norfolk island, our voyagers made in due time Maitai, and soon afterward Otaheite, and anchored in the well known bay of Matavai. They were speedily visited by king Otoo, and his consort, by Pommarie, father of the king, by the missionaries, and by multitudes of natives, who all welcomed their arrival. At this time, they stayed in Otaheite only a month; they then touched at Huaheine, and afterward at Ulitea, and found to their surprise a countryman in each of these islands. The former was satisfied with his situation: but the latter, named Pulpit, considered his life as in great jeopardy; earnestly solicited the protection of the voyagers for himself and an Otaheite wife; and gave them a most unfavourable picture of the Uliteans. Here, indeed, the navigators were afterward in the greatest hazard, from the evil designs of the natives. The king and the chiefs, who visited the ship, acted treacherously. They induced four of the crew to desert, three of whom had been Botany Bay convicts; and a plan was formed between them and the deserters to cut the ship from her anchors, and, when she was thus driven on shore, to murder the crew and share the vessel with its contents. In the night before the intended departure of the navigators from this island, it was discovered that these men had deserted, and had allured to their party two Otaheitans who were also in the ship. Mr. Turnbull instantly went singly on shore in quest of his men, and had a conversation with the king and chiefs; who promised, on receiving some presents, to find the deserters and restore them: but they only dissembled well, and delayed the business, and he therefore returned on board.

Here again, says he, another difficulty awaited me. On entering the ship I found one of my fellows, the best seaman in the ship, haranguing the rest of his shipmates, recommending them to abstain from their duty till the rest of the crew were restored. However, upon instantly adopting strong measures, that is to say, applying loaded pistols to his head, and informing him at the same time, in a determined tone,

that another word should be his last, this spark of mutiny was suppressed, and the orator and his abettor being punished on the spot, good order was restored.

A whole day had been lost in this fruitless negotiation. About half an hour past ten o'clock at night, I was aroused from my sleep by the voice of the captain, who then held the watch, exclaiming, *Turnbull, our ship is on shore, the ship is on shore.* Jumping instantly out of bed, and running upon deck, in my shirt, I found there was no wind to affect the ship; and it being too dark to see the shore, I sounded, and found upwards of twelve fathoms of depth, and no sensible motion of the ship or water. I was persuaded, therefore, that the captain was in error; that his anxiety had overpowered his vigilance, and given reality to the object of his imagination. Examining the cables, I found them both lying slack on the deck, which confirmed me still more in the idea that the captain was mistaken; but the seamen being commanded to haul the cables, the first pull brought the ends of both of them on board. It is impossible to describe the general sensation produced by this discovery, that our cables were cut, and we were drifting on shore. Another anchor, having an iron stock, was immediately ordered to be cleared away; but such was our alarm and confusion, that it was not till after repeated trials, that we effected the stocking of it. The old adage, the more haste the less speed, was never more truly verified. It happened very providentially, that there was not a breath of wind stirring, otherwise the ship must have gone to pieces very speedily, for she now lay with her broadside against a reef of coral rocks, the edges of which were as sharp as flints, having twelve fathoms of water on the outside. In addition to these circumstances, we had every thing to dread from the designs and practices of some of our crew, who were as little to be trusted as the savages on shore. It therefore demanded all our skill to keep their minds in proper order, and to maintain due authority in so critical a situation, and particularly into whose hands we trusted fire arms. It is but justice to say, that as far as we could judge from appearances, our representations and precautions on this trying occasion had the happiest effect.

It was fortunate for us also, in this distress, that for some slight offence given by individuals of the crew, the natives had threatened to murder them, whenever an opportunity should offer itself. The apprehensions of these men were now extreme, and by communicating their fears to the other seamen, and persuading them that one common lot awaited them without distinction, they united all hands in the common effort of endeavouring to rescue the vessel from her present very perilous situation. It is, indeed, a remark which even my own experience has suggested, that however discontented from other causes, there is a generous sentiment in an English seaman which, in cases of difficulty and danger, retains them to their duty and fidelity. Thus it has not unfrequently happened, that symptoms of a mutiny on board our vessels have been restrained by the appearance of an enemy, when all as unanimously united to defend their officers, as they had before conspired to resist their authority.

Having bent the remaining part of one of the cables, about thirty fathoms, to the anchor, it was carried out in the long boat to eighteen fathoms water, and the ship hauled seven or eight fathoms off from the reef. Whilst this was doing, we suddenly heard a loud and clamorous noise amongst the natives on shore, and seemingly close under the ship's stern; the wretches were rendered outrageous by the disappointment of their hopes, the ship being now visibly moved from the rocks. They had hitherto maintained a profound silence, in the expectation that her bulging would give the signal for the commencement of their plunder. They now began an assault with stones in such quantities, and with such force, that in the hopes of intimidating them, we were compelled to discharge some swivels and muskets over their heads. This however produced a volley of musketry from the natives stationed on different points of the shore. We now found it necessary to have recourse to our great guns, commencing a brisk fire; with what success we knew not, as they still kept up an irregular discharge of musketry in various directions, though we continued to play on those quarters whence the fire seemed to proceed. Their noise and clamour remained unabated, and we could discover, by the fury of their menaces, both their hopes of ultimate success, and the fate that awaited us in that event. Some of us were particularized as set aside to be roasted, while others were to be flayed alive to make tiaboolas, or jackets, of their skins, &c. with many similar expressions, which were not without a salutary effect in encouraging the resistance of our sailors, who, of all things seemed to entertain the greatest horror of being roasted.—



That we might, however, neglect no means of security which our circumstances allowed, we got another anchor from the hold, and stocked and bent to it the remainder of the other cable, still keeping up our fire of musketry, and occasionally discharging a great gun. When this second anchor was run out to the last inch of cable, all on board felt as the condemned malefactor who receives a reprieve when on the eve of execution. The fury and menaces of the savages on shore seemed to increase, and they continued to assail us with stones and fire arms without ceasing, their numbers by this time being considerably augmented.

As daylight was now approaching, we hoped to be enabled to dislodge them from their shelter; and menaced in our turn an effectual revenge. Of this, however, confident in the safety of their posts, they appeared to entertain no apprehension. Our threatenings seemed only to call forth fresh attacks and new defiance of our power. We now learned the truth of what we had before often heard from others, that the fury of savages in battle is incredible, and bears no resemblance to that of a civilized being under the same circumstances. They forcibly recall to the mind the fables of heathen mythology. They appear possessed. A fury more than human seems to flare in their eyes, and convulse their souls. But I will not attempt to describe what no words can convey. I will only observe, that if their courage and talent of mischief were equal to their fury, they would be invincible.

The Uliteans, in great crowds, and the deserters, were constant and furious in their attacks. They had fourteen muskets; and with these and stones they greatly damaged the rigging, nettings, and boats. The shot from the ship did them little injury; because they were sufficiently acquainted with the use of guns to watch the motions of those on board; and when the latter were ready to fire, they suddenly skulked behind the rocks or trees, which were in great numbers along the shore. The crew repeatedly attempted to weigh the anchor, and carry the vessel further out to sea; but the men who went into the boat for this purpose were always compelled by the fire of the enemy to abandon it, and return to the ship for protection. When the light failed, they expected a general onset:

It was now four in the afternoon, and we were all fully employed in making every preparation to repel the grand attack expected in the night. Each man was furnished with twelve rounds of ball cartridge, and twenty four pistol bullets. Our muskets, being thirty in number, were well cleaned and fresh flinted; the great guns and swivels were double shotted and filled with old iron; and blunderbusses and cutlasses distributed on the deck, to be ready for service at a moment's notice. And, as much as possible to prevent the stones thrown by the natives from doing us injury, awnings were spread over the deck, and every other precaution taken to enable us to sell our lives at the dearest rate, and defend the ship to the last extremity. During all these operations, our worthy captain was suffering most severe pain, from firing off an overloaded blunderbuss in the beginning of the affair, when the swivels were dismounted.

About half past six in the evening, the wind, which had hitherto blown from the sea, shifted gently round to a land breeze, furnishing us with a most favourable opportunity for getting away unperceived in the night. That our operations might not be discovered, we muffled the pauls of the windlass, and began to heave away upon one anchor at a time. When this was done, we got the long boat ahead, hove short on the second anchor, and carried out the first to the last inch of cable. We then got up the second anchor, and carried it out to sea in the same manner; and in this way our hopes began to revive, having the prospect of getting well off the shore, or perhaps out to sea, before day light should discover our motions. So deeply were the minds of all on board impressed with a sense of our situation and danger, that in all this time not a whisper was heard in the ship. We were even in terror lest the uncommon brilliancy of the stars should discover the passing and repassing of our boat, as it passed backwards and forwards in weighing and carrying out the anchors.

In all these transactions we received signal services from poor Pulpit, whom we had taken on board here; for he was an excellent marksman, and was well aware of what his fate would be, should he fall again into the hands of the Uliteans. He therefore fought like a lion, resolved never to yield but with his last breath. His young Otaheitan wife likewise behaved like a heroine, carrying powder to the men, and exerting herself to the utmost in every way in which she could be useful; at the

same time that she seemed to regret that so much ammunition should be expended, one half of which would have rendered her the wealthiest lady in all her native country.

Notwithstanding all our difficulties, by the blessing of Providence on our strenuous exertions, we succeeded in getting some sail set before our motions were discovered by the natives on shore. The wretches, seeing the ship under sail, hailed us with a most hideous and savage howling, mingled with mutual reproaches and upbraidings for not keeping a better look out, as the ship would now be for ever lost to them.

By this time, nearly two in the morning, we had moved off far enough to be out of their reach; but the weather becoming thick and dark, we came to with both anchors, and stood on our guard until day light. We now thought it might be possible to recover the anchors we had lost; but the chief mate coming to the quarter deck, brought a message from the ship's company, requesting they might be allowed to weigh the anchors and get under sail, lest we should be caught by the wind from the sea, and again be thrown into the hands of this treacherous and savage people. This proposal was agreed to; as it must have been extremely difficult, however desirable, to recover our anchors. When we had now fairly escaped without the harbour, and were about hoisting in the boat, one of the men, in hauling her from under the counter, perceived a long thick rope towing astern, which was fastened to the rudder five or six feet under water, and was most probably the very rope by which the natives had drawn the ship on shore, after they had cut her cables.

Our navigators now passed the island Bollabolla, without seeking any intercourse with the natives; but they stopped a short time and procured some hogs at Maura, an island about fifteen miles in circuit. Then leaving, for the present, the Society isles, they shaped their course to the Sandwich islands.

It is in this part of the voyage, especially, that the philosophical mind will derive abundant food for reflection, and that the thoughts which suggest themselves are most pleasant. A new spectacle in these remote regions is presented to the eye; savage manners are rapidly fading away; and the arts of civilized life are gaining ground. In the Sandwich islands the land is beginning to be cultivated and enclosed; commerce not inconsiderable is carried on; general industry and activity prevail; and the people have profited by the repeated visits and intercourse of Europeans. This machine must have a moving power; these efforts must have a soul that inspires them; and this soul is chiefly Tamahama, the king of Whahco and of some of the adjacent islands. Ambitious despots are occasionally of some benefit. Through them in ancient times men were assembled together; great empires were founded; and the useful and ornamental arts of life were cultivated. In modern days, and in a savage region, we find a Tamahama indulging extensive schemes, which he directs with a mind far above that of a savage.

Those who, in the accounts of former navigators, have observed the simple and almost patriarchal manner in which the kings of the islands in these seas lived with their subjects, will no doubt be surprised to hear that Tamahama has regular body guards clothed in uniform, who go on duty and relieve each other, calling out at every half hour, "*All is well*;" that he has a palace built after the European style, of brick, and with glazed windows; that he has about him European and American artificers of almost every description, and that his own subjects have acquired a great knowledge of several of the mechanical arts; that he has a naval force of upwards of twenty vessels, from 25 to 50 tons burthen, some of them even copper bottomed; that he has a considerable trading connexion with the western parts of America, and that he is about to open a commerce with China; in short, that he unremittingly spreads all knowledge which is useful, and perseveringly sets himself against abuses among his subjects. It seems, indeed, that his mind is always brooding over new designs; his



soul burns with ambition and the love of conquest; he excites in the islands and the kings around him a continual alarm; and he is darkly suspicious of his chiefs. In these respects, do we not behold a Buonaparte of the south, constantly awake himself and keeping others awake, feeling terror and incessantly infusing it?

It must be obvious that the inhabitants of the Sandwich islands have, in improvement, left the Otaheitans, in whose favour we are naturally prejudiced, far behind them.—Among these islands our navigators spent some time, collecting salt, yams, and hogs. They touched at Owhyhee, where captain Cook was unfortunately killed: the natives of which frequently spoke of him, and constantly lamented his untimely fate, as if giving proof of their progress to a better life by their deep repentance. Their advancement, like that of the other inhabitants of the Sandwich islands, is become very considerable in many mechanical arts.

The voyagers now returned to Otaheite; and leaving there Mr. Turnbull and a few men, the captain went with the vessel to the windward islands in order to collect hogs. In this expedition the ship was unfortunately cast away on a reef; which occasioned Mr. Turnbull's stay to be greatly lengthened among the Otaheitans, and gave him abundant opportunity for obtaining the information which he imparts to his readers concerning this singular people. In the second and third volumes, he minutely describes their usages and manners, and in many instances more satisfactorily than former narrators. Time, together with a better comprehension of the language, unfolded many particulars.—He speaks of their superstitions; their festivities; their general contempt of old age; their food and mode of cooking; the exclusion of the women from eating with the men; their courtesy to strangers, and generosity to one another; their indolence; their propensity to theft; their houses and furniture; their form of government; their wars; the influence of their priests; the situation of the Christian missionaries, &c.

One feature is very repulsive, and such as we should not expect to find in so mild a people, whatever influence we might suppose superstition to have among them; we mean the existence of human sacrifices. On this subject, Mr. Turnbull observes:

The human sacrifices are not put to death by their priests, as many have been led to imagine. The executioner is usually one of the miscreants about the person of the king, and generally adds treachery to the horror of his murder. He calls upon the victim under the pretext of a visit of friendship, and seizing his opportunity when the poor fellow is off his guard, knocks him down and kills him on the spot. An instance of this treachery and murder occurred whilst I resided amongst them.

One of the confidants of Otoo, upon our return from the Sandwich islands, a fellow who visited us daily previous to our voyage thither, was advanced to the command of a district at some distance from Matavai. This man had been often importuned for a human victim, and as often excused himself by the difficulty of finding any suitable object within his district. This passed for a time; but the king, or rather Pomarrie, at length insisted on his compliance. The wretch, now put to his shifts, and apprehensive of losing the smiles of his benefactor, found he could defer it no longer. He therefore sent a message requesting the immediate visit of a near relation. The unsuspecting man obeyed, and was received with the greatest friendship and cordiality by the treacherous chief, so that he departed enraptured with his reception. But he had no sooner left the house than the villain gave orders that one of his trusty agents should follow him, and, watching his opportunity, should kill him when off his guard. This was accordingly done one day when the unsuspecting man was walking down the beach. The body was then laid out in a long basket made of cocoa nut leaves, and conveyed past our door. The natives in our yard beheld it with the most perfect apathy and indifference, and requested me to look at it as it passed; but I expressed my abhorrence at such an outrage to humanity, and refused to go out of my doors till it had proceeded beyond my sight.

When the sacrifices arrive at the moreas, the eye is scooped out, and presented on a bread fruit leaf. The king holds his mouth open as if to receive it. They imagine that he thereby receives an addition to his strength and cunning.

Upon great solemnities the chiefs of every district bring one or more of these human sacrifices. It was supposed that not less than from twelve to fifteen would be offered at the inauguration of Otoo. The bodies, after the ceremony of the sacrifice, are removed to the moreas, and there interred.

When upbraided with this most horrible practice they never want an excuse. They allege that the victims were bad men, and men to whose crimes their lives were just forfeits. But in my opinion this is only one of those excuses which, on every occasion that requires an excuse, these people have ready made for the purpose.

Mr. Turnbull speaks with good sense of the small success which attended the very assiduous labours of the missionaries :

The Otaheitans consider the missionaries as very good men, and love and esteem them accordingly ; but they do not comprehend, and therefore do not believe, the articles of their religion.

It is perhaps expecting too much of them in their present state, to expect anything of Christian faith from a people so rude and barbarous. Perhaps the missionaries, according to a trite proverb, have begun at the wrong end, preaching the mysteries of their religion, before they have laid a foundation by instructing them in its simple elements. It is doubtless wrong to temporize or falsify, in any of the slightest of its points of faith, the religion of truth ; but there is room, ample room, for the exercise of discretion, in adapting their lessons to the natural capacities of their pupils. It is not necessary to teach them all, in circumstances under which they cannot comprehend one half. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation are not for Otaheitan understandings.

He adds, "There are many mysteries in Christianity beneath which an Otaheitan understanding must sink confounded.—It is not till the lapse of many years, that, in the true sense of the word at least, the Otaheitans can become Christians.—The first converts of the apostles were the citizens of the most learned and polite nations of the ancient world."

After a long stay, the unfortunate voyagers were conveyed to Port Jackson, New South Wales, by a British vessel which accidentally touched at Otaheite.

It is sometimes amusing to contemplate people when they first go from home. Three Otaheitan boys, eagerly desirous of seeing England, of which they had heard so much, had come off with the ship :

Upon touching at Norfolk island in our way to Port Jackson, these boys were very eager for permission to go on shore. They all entreated that they might be allowed to see the Englishmen's fenowa or land. This permission was granted to one of the most intelligent of them, in the expectation of deriving some amusement from his curious remarks. This expectation was not disappointed. Nothing, in fact, escaped his observation. The military guard being under arms at the time of his landing, he was transported with a kind of ecstasy of astonishment and admiration. Twice or thrice he exclaimed in his country language : Arahie my tye the tata poo pooey ! Noble man, the man of the musket ! He doubtless supposed from the appearance of the soldiers that they were superiour to the rest of mankind.—

On making the land about Port Jackson, the Otaheitans were again in raptures, probably thinking this was England. But seeing the barrenness of the country as they entered the harbour, and the scragginess of the trees, their spirits evidently sunk. Here again they looked at the trees for food, and seeing none, exclaimed in their country language : Very bad land, very bad country !

On coming to an anchor in Sydney Cove, there was a coach and four horses standing almost opposite the ship. This astonished them beyond measure. Every one inquired of the other their opinion of this wonderful phenomenon. They concluded that it must be a travelling house ; but they could find no names for the horses, having in their country no larger animals than hogs. Some of these indeed were uncommonly large. The Otaheitans therefore called them by the name of mighty hogs. A short time after this, the coach setting off at a good round trot, they exclaimed in ecstasy to each other, Oh ! how they fly. It was impossible to recall their attention to any part of the ship's duty at this time. On the following morning, seeing the New South Wales corps under arms, they were in the most extravagant raptures



imaginable; but when the band began to play, they began to leap about, their very eyes dancing in their heads with the vivacity of their sympathy. So enchanted were they with this sight, that had the governour made his appearance, I am persuaded they would have regarded him only as a secondary character.

Having again made some stay in this colony, in which various improvements are noticed, Mr. Turnbull and the captain took their passage to England, where they arrived in safety after an absence of more than four years.

The hopes which were once entertained of Otaheite are by this voyage considerably sunk. By disease and wars, by want of care, and by practices altogether hostile to population, the inhabitants have dwindled away to an extent scarcely credible. The other Society isles, also, as well as the Friendly islands, do not promise much. Botany Bay convicts have found their way to many of them; and perhaps future times may unfortunately see these delicious islands, instead of being stations for trade and resting places for refreshment, become nests of pirates, and the dens of banditti, who shall there revenge the injuries which they imagine they received in Bow street and at the Old Bailey.

On the whole, we have perused these three volumes with much pleasure, and do not hesitate to recommend them to our readers. They are written with neatness and interest, though not always with correctness, and promise to maintain their station among voyages which lie in the parlour, of which every one *takes a spell* when he can.

We have, however, one sin of omission to charge on Mr. Turnbull. He is a seaman by profession, and he visited many islands in the south sea, some of which were not previously known, or at least, before his voyage, were not inserted in the charts. He had thus great opportunities of making geographical remarks; and he must have been aware that information of this kind would be expected from him. Yet he has given no latitudes, no longitudes, nor any charts!

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Theory of Dreams, in which an Inquiry is made into the Powers and Faculties of the human Mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable Dreams recorded in sacred and profane History. 12mo. 2 vols. 8s. London 1808.

THESE are two very curious, interesting, and learned little volumes. They demonstrate much diligence of research, much acuteness of remark, and no inconsiderable learning. Indeed they are evidently the production of a man of grave deliberation, and very extensive reading.

The general theory inculcated is this; that no dreams, excepting those involved in the history of Revelation, have any necessary connexion with or can afford any assistance towards discovering the scenes of futurity.

Every more remarkable dream recorded in sacred and profane history, in ancient as well as in more modern times, is introduced with sensible and pertinent remarks. Distinctions are very sagaciously made between them all, and many, at first sight mysterious and perplexing, are satisfactorily accounted for from particular habits of life; from feelings of superstition; from peculiarity of constitution; or from local circumstances. The references throughout are very circumstantial and very accurate. The pious mind can no where be offended; the wayward and petulant no where provoked to ridicule; and above all the licentious no where be encouraged. The impression left upon every ingenuous mind from the perusal of these volumes, must necessarily be that they were composed and compiled entirely from a love of truth; from a desire to encourage a due investigation of recorded incidents; and to distinguish, as far as possible, between the delusions of fanaticism and the momentous warnings of the God of Truth.

## SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

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SKETCHES OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF THE LATE SIR JOHN MOORE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.] *See front*

EVERY profession has participated in the honour of contributing to the defensive strength of the British empire, during those interesting events which late years have presented. Nelson was the son of a clergyman; Moore was the son of a physician; and the grandson of a clergyman of the kirk of Scotland. He was born at Glasgow. His father, Dr. John Moore, was educated at the university of Glasgow; but being called to exercise the duties of his profession in the military hospitals, and preserving at all times a considerable connexion among military men, the attention of his sons was very naturally directed toward the publick service of their country.

Dr. Moore was of extremely facetious manners, which, together with his skill, recommended him as a fit person to take charge of the two young noblemen, heirs of the house of Hamilton, who were constitutionally inclined to pulmonary consumption.

In company with Douglas Hamilton, the survivor of the two brothers, Dr. Moore made the tour of Europe, which occupied four or five years. The result of his observations was communicated to the publick, in his "View of Society and Manners in France, &c." 1799. In Italy, 1781. His eldest son, John, accompanied his father in this tour; and as the tactics of the Prussian army under old Frederick were then supposed to be the *ne plus ultra* of military skill, they engaged the particular attention of our travellers, especially of young Moore, who could not but acquire ideas from them, to be afterwards employed in promoting his personal reputation. He entered the army early in life; and being favoured by the patronage of the Hamilton family (and of the duke of Argyle) his rise was rapid. He was successively lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the 52d regiment. Lieutenant colonel Moore was employed in the Mediterranean, and was at the evacuation of Toulon in December 1793. In the capture of Corsica, which succeeded, early in the following year, he was one of two officers selected by lord Hood, to examine the state of that island, before an attempt was made on it. The other officer was major Koehler, of the artillery, who died while on a mission, in the service of Turkey. The famous defence of a small circular tower at Martello, occurred on this attack; and trifling as that tower was, as a fortification, from its construction and situation, it required a regular battery to reduce it. Lieutenant-colonel Moore was at this time extremely active, in attacking Fornelli, a small town, which from local advantages, was a place of some strength. The cannon, &c. destined to this attack were dragged for the space of several miles, over rugged mountains, with exemplary perseverance; and after a labour of four days continuance, were formed into a battery, on an eminence no less than 700 feet above the level of the sea. The defences of the town were commanded from hence; but the works were assaulted by lieutenant-colonel Moore, and carried after considerable resistance.



The skill and enterprise that distinguished lieutenant-colonel Moore on this occasion pointed him out for further services. He was the officer to whom was committed the attack on the Mozello, a strong star fort, which was carried by storm, at daybreak, after waiting in concealment among the bushes, as near to the fort as prudence permitted. The nature of the ground, and the resistance made by the enemy, occasioned a good deal of *scrambling* in this service: and here the lieutenant-colonel was wounded in the head, by the explosion of a shell. Nevertheless, he entered the place with the grenadiers; and the applause of the army, with the congratulations of his general, Stuart, induced him quickly to forget his wound. General Stuart also recommended the lieutenant-colonel now appointed adjutant general, to succeed him in the military government of the island: but his abilities were to find opportunities for distinction elsewhere.

In 1795, general sir Ralph Abercrombie was ordered with forces to the West Indies, and among his officers was general Moore, now brigadier general. He distinguished himself eminently at the reduction of St. Lucie. His promptitude in the attack on Morne [*i. e. Mountain*] Chabot, one of the strongest posts on the island, was conspicuous: for, having been detached with about 600 men, to advance by a circuitous path, he was misled by his guide; fell in with an advanced picquet of the enemy, and his design was discovered. Another detachment, under general Hope, was advancing by a nearer way; but general Moore, now depending on his own strength, by a decisive movement carried the post. He afterwards defeated a desperate sally of the enemy at the Vigie, and the island surrendered May 25th, 1796.

In 1798, brigadier general Moore was appointed major-general. He was at this period a representative in parliament for a district of North Britain.

The same officers were ordered on the expedition to Holland, in 1799. Sir Ralph Abercrombie appointed two brigades under major generals Moore and Burrard, to attack the Helder; but the enemy retired. In this country major general Moore received a slight wound. The English were successful; but their Russian coadjutors failed, and their failure ruined the enterprise.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie was afterwards sent to the southern part of Europe. He summoned Cadiz; but the Spanish governour refused to hear-ken to him. Egypt, being at that time in possession of the French, the British army bent its course thither, intent on dislodging them. While the fleet lay in Marmorice bay, major general Moore was sent to Jaffa, to learn by ocular inspection the state of the Turkish army, under command of his highness the Grand Vizier.—Such an army!—

The British general, left to his own resources, arrived in Aboukir bay, March 7, 1801, and major general Moore, who commanded the reserve, in defiance of a hail storm of shot and shells, landed, formed his companies, and would have rushed up the sand hills; but, in truth, all that could be done was to clamber up them; and many of the same individuals who had effected it, when making this exertion, some days afterwards, in cold blood, found themselves unable to accomplish it. This movement, however, startled the French: and seeing British soldiers rising over the ridges, in all directions, they abandoned their cannon, &c. and retreated.

At the battle of Aboukir, major general Moore was wounded, while leading on the reserve: yet he was not long laid aside; but assisted at the siege of Cairo, and escorted the French troops to their embarkation. At the siege of Alexandria, an attack was committed to his charge.

On returning to England, the major general was retained in active service; and had the command of the Kentish district.

Having been employed in several negotiations and services of observation, requiring a keen eye, a firm heart, and mature judgment, in union with promptitude and decision, sir John was selected for the purpose of assisting with troops, the king of Sweden, early in 1808. That monarch, it is shrewdly suspected, attempted to overbear the British officer, and to induce him to exceed his orders. This sir John peremptorily declined; and by his firmness incurred the displeasure of his Swedish majesty. Whenever the particulars of this affair shall be disclosed, we doubt not but that the principle on which sir John acted will do him honour. After a delay of two months, his departure from Sweden was sudden, and even rapid. In this he was assisted by the British ambassadour. He anticipated unpleasant circumstances, and escaped them by diligence.

In the meanwhile, the atrocities committed by Buonaparte in seizing the crown of Spain, had become too flagrant to be born; and resistance sprung up, in that country, almost in all parts of it at the same instant. Like a thunder storm which suddenly bursts over an extensive champaign, was the burst of Spanish patriotism: and the British ministry having determined on complying with the request of the Spaniards by sending them assistance, sir John Moore was one of the first officers selected for that purpose.

Very short was the interval between his arrival from Sweden, and his sailing for Spain. A few days spent in refitting the vessels, and in recruiting the stores and equipments of the army, sufficed to prepare this gallant band of heroes for their intended service. Sir John arrived after the battle of Vimiera: and when the officers whose testimonies were necessary to elucidate the convention consequent on that affair, were departed for England, sir John remained commander in chief of the British forces on the west of the peninsula. Conscious of the hazard of the undertaking, yet unwilling to leave any thing unattempted, that had the smallest chance of success, this gallant general determined on marching into the interior, to assist the Spaniards. The scarcity of supplies was so great, that his army was obliged to march in small bodies; and when it had penetrated into the mountains that border Spain, it found itself reduced to little more than the supports it had brought.

The country afforded no magazines, nor the means of establishing any. The governing authority in Spain had never possessed the power of effectively remedying this deficiency: and the time necessary in which Spaniards might be supposed to attempt it, could not be obtained. The object of sir John's first anxiety, was, to assemble the divided corps of his army. To have left a detachment exposed to the enemy, would have appeared in his eyes no less dishonourable than treason. This junction he happily accomplished: and though he knew that he must retire, ultimately, from scarcity of supplies, yet he determined to bring the French to action before that became notorious. His intention was to attack marshal Soult, who was posted in his neighbourhood, with about 30,000 men; but the French general not daring to trust the event of a battle man to man with the British, clamoured so loudly for assistance, that Buonaparte, then at Madrid, complied with his demands, and forwarded all his troops that could be spared from every quarter. Intelligence of this determination did not reach general Moore so soon as it ought to have done. He was, therefore, under the necessity of ordering a sudden retreat, for which he was not prepared: nor did the rapidity with which he moved, allow him time to prepare. The



country did not possess the means of supporting his army : and had it possessed the means, they could not have been combined, owing to the shortness of the notice.

We fear he was not well seconded by those who would have reaped the benefit of his success ; and that the scale of preparations and exertion required by an internal warfare, is not yet understood among them.

What happened, during this retreat, and at the close of it, has been extremely well described by those who were concerned in it, and to the publick documents on that subject, we must now refer our readers.

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*Particulars of Sir John Moore's Death—by Colonel Anderson.*

I met the general on the evening of the 16th instant, as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported in a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark ; squeezed me by the hand, and said : “ Do not leave me ! ”—He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little.

After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me ; and, at intervals, expressed himself as follows. The first question he asked was : “ Are the French beaten ? ”—which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew, as they entered the room. On being assured, by all, that the French were beaten, he exclaimed : “ *I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice.* You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them every thing—say to my mother—[*here his voice failed him*] HOPE—HOPE—I have much to say, but cannot get it out. Is colonel Graham, and are all my aids de camp, well ?—I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will, and all my papers.”

Major Colborne, his principal aid de camp, then came into the room—He spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me : “ *Remember, you go to ———, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend major Colborne—he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.* ” He then again asked major Colborne, if the French were beaten. And on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said : “ It was a great satisfaction, in his last moments, to *know he had beaten the French.* ”

“ Is general Paget in the room ? ” On my telling him he was not, he said : “ Remember me to him.”

“ I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying—I am in great pain.”

He then thanked the doctors for their attention. Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room ; he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy, if all his aids de camp were well.—He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

He said to me, while the surgeons were examining his wound : “ You KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS WISHED TO DIE THIS WAY ! ”

As far as I can recollect, this is every thing he said, except asking to be placed in an easier posture.

## OF FOOLS, AND THEIR WIT.

SHAKSPEARE says well,

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;  
And, to do that well, it craves a kind of wit :  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of the persons, and the time,——

———This is a practice,  
As full of labour as a wise man's art.——

An instance or two may vindicate our poet's assertion, and convince, were they capable of conviction, our dashing wittlings, that they have not sufficient sense to play the fool : moreover, wise fools have been of use on sundry occasions : but of what use have their foolish wisdoms been ?

*Kel Anayet* was the jester of Abbas the Great, of Persia. His fame is still fresh in that country for his sprightly wit, his burlesque drollery, his uncouth attitudes, and his uncontrollable command over the laughing powers of all who saw or heard him. The shah by punning on his name, called him *Ketchel Anayet*, "Scald pate ;" and suffered him to joke without danger on occasions which would have cost others dearly.

Abbas was excessively fond of a white hawk, which had been sent him as a present from mount Caucasus. Being out one day on a hawking excursion, the shah discovered that this bird was sick. In great vexation he called his grand falconer, named *Hossein-bec*, and charged him most solemnly to take special care of this hawk : adding "whoever comes and tells me that he is dead, shall lose his head ; depend upon it." Nevertheless, the bird died at the week's end. *Hossein-bec* in utter despondency saw *Kel Anayet* walking before the mews, in his way to the court. To him he told the disaster, conjuring him, with many tears, to save his life. "Agreed," said the droll, "if the shah takes off any body's head to day, it shall be his own." Pursuing his intention, he found the shah in the greatest good humour, just after dinner. "Scald pate, where do you come from," said Abbas. Anayet assuming the most jocose air imaginable answered : "From your majesty's falconry : and pray listen with your utmost attention, for I am going to tell you the most marvellous !—most wonderful !—most astonishing !—that ever has been seen in this world ! There I saw *Hossein-bec*, with his broom in his hand, sweeping a little square place, just before the gilded aviary ; then he besprinkled it with rose-water ; then he spread over it a little silken carpet, very curiously enriched with wrought flowers ; then he went and fetched your white hawk, and—would you believe it ?—shedding scalding tears over it, he laid it very gently on its back. There lay the hawk, without motion, his wings fallen, his bill uppermost, his claws clasped, his eyes shut"—"What then ;" said Abbas surprised, "my bird is dead !"—"Heaven preserve your majesty's head," replied Anayet, "for surely it is safe to day, notwithstanding your threat !—You have announced the tidings to yourself."

A management not less dexterous, on a subject much more important, was employed by a jester of the French court, when the king's servants were perplexed by what means to inform their master of the defeat his formidable armament at Sluys had met with from the English king Edward, in which many ships were sunk. Knowing that the bearer of such unwelcome tidings would be ruined—they intrusted the favourite droll with the dangerous commission. He immediately equipped himself completely *à la militaire* : and strutting with martial fierceness began to vociferate "O brave Frenchmen ! O brave Frenchmen !"—"Why brave Frenchmen ?"—said the



king—"Why?" said the plumed hero, "Why!—THE FRENCHMEN LEAPED INTO THE SEA; BUT THE ENGLISH DARED NOT FOLLOW. O brave Frenchmen! O brave Frenchmen!"

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### HORSE RACING IN ITALY.

*The following is extracted from Macgill's late Travels in Italy, &c.*

THE method of horse racing in Italy is singular. The horses run without riders; and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs. They have also pieces of tinfoil fastened on their hinder parts, which as the animals rush through the air, make a loud, rustling noise, and frighten them forward. I was much amused with the horse races at Ancona. A gun is fired when they first start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end; when they have run half-way, another gun is fired; and a third when they arrive at the goal. To ascertain, without dispute, which wins the race, across the winning post a thread is stretched, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his chest, and this mark is decisive. The first race was declared unfair, as one horse had started before the rest; and the governour ordered another to be run the following evening. To guard the course, a great number of Roman soldiers under arms were ranged on each side of it, from one end to the other. The morning after the first race, the wind blew from the north, and was rather cold. I was sitting with his excellency the governour, signior Vidoni, when a messenger arrived from the general, with his compliments, requesting that the race might be deferred till another day, as he thought the weather too cold to put his troops under arms. The governour replied to him, that, "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so for Roman soldiers." I have seen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Romans turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer alone excepted.

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*From the Universal Magazine.*

THE FIRST IDEA OF BURNS'S "TAM O' SHANTER."

SIR,

THERE can be none of your readers who have not been delighted with the "Tam o' Shanter" of Robert Burns; and to none, therefore, can the following letter be unacceptable. It was written to the antiquary Grose; and besides the tradition upon which "Tam o' Shanter" is founded, contains two others which may amuse the curious in hobgoblinism. It is but justice to add, that it appeared in print some years ago, and that Mr. Cromek has also transplanted it into his *Reliques*, recently published. Still, however, it may not be familiar to the general reader, as it is not in Dr. Currie's edition of his works; and therefore I transmit it to you.—I remain, &c.

January 14th, 1809.

S. S.

"Among the many witch stories I have heard relating to Aloway kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

"Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind, and bitter blasts of hail; in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in; a farmer, or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the kirk of Aloway,

and being rather on the anxious lookout in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his near approach, plainly showed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout application, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk. As good luck would have it his temerity came off unpunished.

"The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the cauldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

"Another story which I can prove to be equally true, was as follows:—

"On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Aloway kirk yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, 'till by the time he reached Aloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

"Though he was terrified, with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well known fact, that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothick window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh: "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late. Nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning: but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.



"The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Aloway, I shall relate it.

"On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Aloway kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant Ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a Ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out: "up horsie!" on which the Ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his Ragwort, and cried with the rest: "up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

"I am, &c. &c."

*To the Editor of the European Magazine.*

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROURS.

HAVING, in an odd voume of a magazine upon German literature, met with laughable mistakes made by errors in copyists, or misreadings, I send a few of the same kind, which have occurred within my own knowledge in our language; and if you think them worthy insertion in your valuable miscellany, they are heartily at your service.

A compositor of the name of Killenbeck, an eccentric genius, once made the following mistake, I believe in Mr. Woodfall's paper; and for which he received his discharge. Instead, in the ordinary phrase, of saying: "Yesterday a petition was presented to the house of commons," he composed it, and it was printed: "Yesterday a *pistol* was presented to the house of commons." The ludicrous inquiries upon the nature of such an attack upon that great constitutional body may be better conceived than detailed.

In printing the list of subscribers to the first edition of Carey's *Balnea*, I just arrived in time to correct the following ludicrous error, which, by one of the types having fallen out, and being misplaced, had occurred:—One of the subscribers was deputy controller of the penny-post; but, from the transposition of the s in the last word, it stood, "Deputy controller of the *penny-pots*!"

When the late Dr. Hale superintended the printing of the *Pharmacopæia Londinensis*, published in 1780, a mistake occurred in one of the proof sheets which excited the Dr's mirth, and occasioned him to send express from Bow to correct the error. The manuscript almost as uncouth as marks for physical quantities, was extremely difficult to read. One word,

more intricate than the rest, was referred to every person in the office for an explanation, but without success: at length the compositor on the work, priding himself on his ability at decyphering the mystical letters, found out the word to be "*cordial gin*;" whence the phrase went: "This medicine is to be taken in *cordial gin*." The original word was *cardialgia*, or the *heart burn*, a disorder rather produced than allayed by the cordial above alluded to.

When the work of a compositor is extremely incorrect, the operation of changing the wrong letters for the right is attended with the danger of wounding and destroying the tender face of the contiguous letters. The drawing them out is performed by a sharp pointed bodkin, which enters the shoulder of the letter, and thus it is raised to be changed. I forget the name of the master printer, who made this apposite exclamation, upon seeing two very bad compositors correcting a foul proof of that size of type called Small Pica, "O small pica! small pica! how art thou *crucified* between two thieves!"

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#### THE TEA TREE IN BLOSSOM.

THE ingenious Mr. Capel Loft, of Troston Hall, near Bury, has recently informed the publick, that he has had a tea tree in blossom in his parlour ever since the 18th of December last, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather; and though on the 21st of that month, at half past nine in the morning, the thermometer within doors in a southern aspect was at 28.

The following is his description of the same:—

"Petals 6 (one smaller and shorter than the rest) concave, obtusely heart-shaped. Stamens very numerous (probably above 200) with golden summits. The whole appearance of the flower like the single broad leaved myrtle; but longer and more brilliant, from the multiplicity of the stamens, texture of the petals, stronger colour, not quite so white. Calyx: stellate, quinquetid, about one fourth the length of the petals.

"The scent of the flower delicate and evanescent; resembling that of fine green tea dried.

"There seems little doubt that this charming plant would bear a warm and sheltered exposure in the southwest of our island, like the broad leaved myrtle. Its affinity to the myrtle is indeed very striking; so much, that many species having been lately transferred from the genus *Myrtus* to other genera, so that it is now very thin, I doubt whether this might not be annexed to it under the denomination of *Myrtus Thea*, changing its elegant generick name, which it ought not wholly to lose, into its specifick. Fond as I am of plants, I have never till now seen it in bloom.

"It is long in coming into blossom. The buds appeared early in September. The season of its flowering renders it peculiarly valuable. And had the weather been mild, I have no doubt that in some few days it would have been covered with bloom.

"The flowers proceed from near the extremities of the branches, on solitary footstalks, some opposite, others alternate. My plant is near three feet high, and came from Mr Mackie, nurseryman, of Norwich, the year before this. In close, moist weather it requires air, and some heat, to absorb the damp: otherwise its blossoms fall without opening. This I experienced last year.



"I cannot imagine that its beauty in a good green house would be at all inferior even to the myrtle itself. It seems to form the intermediate link, in the botanical chasm between the myrtle and the orange.

"It is curious, that plants of so extensive use as the coffee and tea trees (the coffee, perhaps, one of the greatest blessings, among those that are not really necessities of life, that Providence has indulged to mankind, considering its beneficial qualities in use as well as its agreeable) should be among the most elegant of plants in foliage and blossom; and the coffee in fruit also. It is impossible not to rejoice that the present cheapness of coffee, though it is to be feared a short-lived cheapness, has made it, to a considerable degree, the beverage of the poor. It is strengthening, where tea is not; it is even nutritive, while tea certainly is not. Tea, however, moderately taken, and not too hot, may be regarded as not only innocent, but salutary. It is favourable to temperance and to tranquillity of mind. And perhaps, of all our daily repasts, it constitutes the most generally and unexceptionably agreeable, from which even reading is not excluded, and where conversation can be most itself."

Mr. Loft then remarks that the tea tree was first introduced into England by Mr. Ellis, about 1768. It was first treated as a stove plant; and its first flowering in this country was in the stove of the duke of Northumberland. He thinks the coffee tree may also, in time, be brought to endure the greenhouse without being confined to the stove.

March, 1809.

## AN ORIGINAL SONG BY BURNS.

*To the Editor of the Universal Magazine.*

SIR,

*POETA nascitur non fit.* To no one can that maxim be with greater propriety applied than to Burns, the ever lamented Scottish bard. The nation, and the literary world in particular, are indebted to Dr. Currie of Liverpool, for a judicious selection of the works of that unfortunate son of genius; but there are many smaller pieces, the early effusions of his vigorous mind, which deserved to be drawn from their concealment; and, I am convinced that the following pathetick piece, would have obtained a prominent place in Dr. Currie's selection, had he ever experienced the pleasure of its perusal. It is one of those wild flowers which spring spontaneous in the soil of genius: and if a wanderer chance not to pass where it flourishes, it blooms unheeded, its sweets are unenjoyed, and it is left to waste its beauties on the desert air. During a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of the country, where Burns first "warbled his wood notes wild," I was anxious to obtain every information respecting that highly favoured but ill fated son of the muses. Amongst others the following anecdote was related to me. Burns being in company with some of his jovial companions, the conversation turned on the old song, to the tune of *Hey tutti tait*, to which Bruce led on his troops at the battle of Bannockburn, the words of which are as follows:

"I'm wearin awa John, I'm wearin awa John,  
I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.  
There's a needle in the wa John, keep it to your sel John,  
I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.  
You'll eat and drink to me John, you'll eat and drink to me John,  
You'll eat and drink to me John, sugar sops and all."

Burns, on a sudden, sunk into a deep musing, and taking a blank leaf from his pocket book he wrote the following: which for pathos and simplicity will not yield to any of his productions:

I'm wearin awa John, like snow weather, when it thaws John,  
 I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.  
 There's nae hunger there, there's neither could nor care John,  
 The day's aye fair John in the Land of the Leal.  
 Dry your glistening een John, my soul lang's to be free John,  
 And angels wink on me John to the Land of the Leal.  
 Ye've been baith leal and true John, your task is near done now John,  
 And I'll welcome you John to the Land of the Leal.  
 Our bonny bairn's there John, she was baith gude and fair John,  
 And oh! we grudg'd her sair John to the Land of the Leal.  
 But sorrow's sel wears past John, and joy is coming fast John,  
 The joy that's aye to last John in the Land of the Leal.  
 Now fare ye well my ain John, the world's cares are vain John,  
 We'll meet and we'll be fain John in the Land of the Leal.\*

As the above has never yet been published in any collection of Burns's Poems, the perusal of it may perhaps gratify your numerous readers, and the insertion of it will oblige,

Yours, &c.

R. H.

February 12th, 1809.

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### ANECDOTES.

#### SKARLOTZ, THE BILLIARD PLAYER.

DURING the time the two emperours were at Erfurth, among the variety of singularities collected for the gratification of Alexander, there was introduced to his notice *Peter Skarlotz*, a person who was formerly a schoolmaster at Aix-la-Chapelle, and eminent for his knowledge of the mathematicks, which he taught there with considerable *éclat*, but whose incomparable adroitness at billiards suggested to him the wiser policy, in this age of dissipation, to relinquish science, and follow a more profitable pursuit. He therefore transferred the energies of his mind to the dexterity of his hands, and is, without doubt, the best billiard player in Europe. Alexander, who himself plays exceedingly well, condescended to afford him an opportunity of manifesting his skill, by taking vast odds, but was beat every game. Skarlotz then displayed his astonishing powers, in going through a game of his own invention, with four balls, when he established his fame for ever, by the surprise and wonder he excited with *mace* and *queue*. To add still more to the fame of this singular phenomenon, both his arms are diminutively short. He received splendid tokens from both the emperours, of their approbation and astonishment, especially Alexander, together with commands to repair to Petersburg.

The following anecdote of Rhodolph, emperour of Germany, and an old woman, is recorded in Coxe's History of the House of Austria.

Being at Mentz in 1288, he walked out early in the morning, dressed as usual in the plainest manner, and, as the weather was cold, entered a baker's shop to warm himself. The mistress, unacquainted with his person, pee-

\* We trust in the accuracy of our correspondent's information: and though the above has merit enough to have been written by Burns, yet we do not think it so decidedly characteristic as R. H.—*Editor*.



visibly exclaimed: "Soldiers ought not to come in poor women's houses."—"Do not be angry, good woman," returned the king of the Romans, with great complacency, "I am an old soldier, who have spent all my fortune in the service of that rascal Rhodolph, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." "As you serve," rejoined the woman, "that fellow who has laid waste the whole earth, and devoured the poor, you have deservedly incurred all your misfortunes." She then virulently abused the king of the Romans, adding, with great bitterness, that she and all the bakers in the town, except two, were ruined by his means; and compelled him to depart, by throwing a pail of water on the fire, which filled the room with smoke and vapour.

Rhodolph, on sitting down to dinner, ordered his hostess to convey a boar's head and a bottle of wine, to her neighbour, the baker's wife, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself in the morning by her fire, and then related the anecdote with much humour. When thus apprised of her mistake, the woman was greatly terrified, and approaching the table, entreated forgiveness in the most suppliant manner. Rhodolph consented, on condition that she would repeat her abusive expressions; with which the woman faithfully complied, to the amusement and laughter of all who were present.

Professor Porson, of Cambridge, a short time before his death, being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly a poet, who had a very high opinion of his own talents, the conversation turned on some of his productions, when, as usual, he began to extol their merits.—"I will tell you, sir," said the professor, "what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakspeare's and Milton's are forgotten—[every eye was instantly fixed upon the professor] but *not* till then."

The late lord George Germain was not more distinguished for his abilities than for his amiable disposition. Of this his domesticks felt the comfort, living with him rather as humble friends than menial servants. His lordship one day entering his house in Pall-mall, observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came.—Old John immediately replied: "They are *our's*, my lord, from *our* country house." "Very well," said the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was? "*Our's*," said honest John: "and are the children in it *our's* too?" said his lordship, laughing. "*Most certainly*, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

Barrow meeting lord Rochester at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute obsequiously, with "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving his blow, quickly returned it with "Doctor, I am yours to the centre:" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which, Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity, as he used to call him, exclaimed: "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." On which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered: "There, my lord, I leave you."

## BUFFON.

His private character was that of a libertine, and he was extremely vain of his person and his talents. "The works of eminent geniuses (he would say) are few. They are those of Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and my own. He left an only son, who suffered under Robespierre in 1799. On the scaffold he said to the people: "Citizens, my name is Buffon."

Mr. Sheridan being informed that a certain dramatick writer never laughed at the performance of *The School for Scandal*, satirically exclaimed: "It is surely very *ungrateful* in him; for I never refused to *laugh* at his *Tragedies*."

A gentleman once observed to Dr Johnson, that there were fewer vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there.—"I believe you are very right there, sir," says Johnson; "but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, but the impossibility of *starving a Scotchman*."

## POETRY.

## VERSES

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM CONGREVE,  
THE DRAMATICK POET.

[*Never before published.*]

FALSE tho' you've been to me and love,  
I ne'er can take revenge,  
So much your wonderous beauties move,  
Tho' I lament your change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met:  
They could not always last;  
And though the present I regret,  
I still am grateful for the past.

But think not \* \* tho' my breast  
A generous flame has warmed,  
You e'er again can make me blest,  
Or charm, as once you charmed.

Who may your future favours own  
May future change forgive,  
In love the first deceit alone  
Is what you never can retrieve:

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

IMITATION OF MODERN POETRY.

NOT a breeze crisped the leaves of the  
bower,

Not a murmur was heard through the  
air,

As with twilight approached the blest hour  
Love had fixed for a sight of my fair.

Expectation had flushed every nerve,  
While on tiptoe I listened around,  
Not a soul could my glances observe,  
Not a footstep was heard on the ground.

Every object now faded from sight,

While my thoughts were now fixed on  
my love,

O'er my fancy they beamed such a light,  
That I marked not the darkness above.

How my heart beat its cell in my breast,  
As the form of a female I spied,  
Till in rapture to feel myself blest,  
I resolved for a moment to hide.

Then I heard how she eagerly sought,  
To discover the nook where I lay,  
Till I felt so transported, I thought  
Her desires were increased by delay.

Round the bower she repeatedly moved,  
Like an angel that fancy creates,  
When I rushed and exclaimed,—"My be-  
loved!"

And it hoarsely replied: "Supper waits."

## SONNET UPON A SONNET,

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

TOO cruel maid, who ordered me to write  
What mortals call a sonnet; I despair  
That fourteen lines my muse will e'er in-  
dite:

However, four are made, and here they  
are.

At first most grievously I racked my brain;  
But making verses teaches one the  
trade—

Courage! I see my labour's not in vain,  
For lo! my fair, the second stanza made.



Once more, ye muses, condescend to rhyme!

Nor have I prayed in vain: the muses smile

Upon their slave, and in a little time  
I shall complete this more than mortal toil;

For thirteen lines are done, my life upon it!

Now count, you'll find fourteen, and there's a sonnet.

#### THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

*In Imitation of certain fashionable Poetry.*

BY the side of a soft running stream,

An elderly gentleman sat;

On the top of his head was a wig,

On the top of his wig was a hat.

The wind it blew hard, it blew cold;

It blew his hat into the stream;

He sat on the bank and he sighed,

And he tried his lost hat to redeem.

He laboured to pull it to shore,

While mourning his sorrowful fate;

Another gale took off his wig,

Which swam away after his hat.

His bald head exposed to the wind,

All wild and despairing he stood;

He muttered a few angry words,

And then *threw* his stick in the flood.

He folded his arms and he groaned;

He smote his sad breast in dismay;

To the river with anguish he looked;

While his HAT, WIG, and STICK, swam away.

January, 1809.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. JOSEPH JEWEL has invented a new process of producing calomel that shall always be in the state of an impalpable powder. This is effected by a particular manipulation in the last sublimation of the calomel, which he describes as follows: "I take calomel or mercurius dulcis, broken into small pieces, and put it into an earthen crucible, of the form of a long bowl, so as to fill about one half of it. I place the crucible on its side in a furnace provided with an opening, through which the mouth of the crucible projects about an inch. I then join to the mouth of the crucible an earthenware receiver, having an opening at its side, to receive the open end of the crucible. The receiver is about half filled with water. I lute the joint with a mixture of sand and pipe clay. The receiver has a cover, that has a side continued upwards for containing water, with a chimney or tube in it to allow the escape of steam from the water below. I then apply a fire round the crucible sufficient to raise the calomel in vapours, and force it through the mouth of the crucible into the receiver; where, by the water while cold, or assisted by the steam when it becomes hot, it is instantly condensed into an impalpable powder, possessing all the qualities of calomel in its most perfect state. The calomel, when thus prepared, is purer, whiter, and more attenuated than that obtained by grinding. It is proper to wash the product over with water, before it is dried, to rid it of the coarser particles which may form about the mouth of the crucible.

Mr. Joseph Hume has published some observations on the use of sulphur as a vermifuge, and the proper way of applying it to vegetables. The method is extremely simple; for nothing more is required than to sprinkle sublimed sulphur, or what is commonly called flowers of brimstone, over the leaves of the tree or plant wherever the effects of worms or insects prevail. The sulphur may be tied up in a piece of muslin or linen, and with this, the leaves and young shoots should be dusted; or it may be thrown on by means of a puff, or a dredging box. This application is found not only to be effectual in destroying the whole tribe of worms and other insects which prey upon vegetables; but it is likewise ascertained to be congenial to the trees and plants on which it is sprinkled. Peach trees in particular, are remarkably improved by it.

Mr. James Scott, of Dublin, states, that he has found, by repeated experiments, that platina possesses, on account of its imperceptible expansion, a great superiority over other materials for making the pendulum spring of watches; but that arsenick must not be employed in consolidating it, as it would then be liable to expansion. When properly drawn it possesses self-sufficient elasticity for any extent of vibration.

It coils extremely well, and if placed, when coiled, on the surface of a flat piece of metal, making one end of the spring fast, and marking exactly the other extremity, not the slightest expansion is visible when heat is applied. Mr. Scott further remarks, that he has, for a considerable time, made use of platina for compensation curbs, and considers it as very superiour to steel for every instrument of that kind.

Mr. Acton, of Ipswich, having used a still containing nine gallons, for distilling common water, essential oils and water, refrigerated them with a tub which holds about thirty-six gallons, found it very inconvenient to change the water of the tub as often as it became hot, which it very soon did, after commencing distillation. He therefore contrived the following addition to the refrigerating part of the apparatus, which he has found to succeed so well, that he can now distill for any length of time without heating the water in the worm-tub above one degree; so that it never requires to be changed. The heat passes off entirely into the additional condenser, and when it exceeds 150 degrees, goes off by evaporation. The additional condenser consists of a trough three feet long, twelve inches deep, and fifteen inches wide, with a pewter pipe passing through the middle of it horizontally, about two inches in diameter, at the largest end next the still, and gradually tapering to about three quarters of an inch at the smallest end, which communicates with the top of the worm. The great simplicity of this contrivance and its utility render a fair trial of it in other stills very advisable. The small degree of heat which went to the water in the worm-tub shows, that the additional condenser performed nearly the whole of the condensation; and that therefore it is extremely probable, that a second pipe and trough added to the first, would perform the whole condensation effectually, without using any worm, and thus enable distillers to dispense with this expensive and troublesome part of the apparatus.

#### FIR-BUILT SHIPS.

*To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.*

SIR,—Every thing relating to the publick good claims the particular attention of a work so truly devoted to the commonwealth as yours is. If the following observations on fir-built ships should suggest any new ideas to your nautical readers, I shall be happy in having put them into English.

YOURS—SCRUTATOR.

"I built," says M. Ducrest, "at Copenhagen, in 1799, a vessel of 500 tons, entirely of fir planks, an inch and a half thick. For three years successively it has navigated the north seas, which are reckoned the most boisterous in Europe; and it weathered a tremendous gale in the Baltick, in November 1801, when a great number of merchant ships perished. On entering the port of Havre, the following year, it struck on the pier, and no one on board expected to be saved. However, the ship righted, and entered the harbour without having staved a single plank, or sprung a nail.

"The expense of building this vessel was just half what it would have cost, had it been built of oak. The hull does not weigh above half of that of a common merchantman, which, when of 400 tons burthen, is said to weigh 200 tons. Thus by diminishing the weight we should have, with the same cargo, vessels which, when well constructed, ought to sail as fast as the best frigates. An objection having been made that vessels thus built could not last long, as the intermediate planks, by wanting air, would heat and soon rot, I had one of the ports opened and found that the inside planks were much sounder than the others.

"Building with fir planks is incomparably more solid than building with squared timber: and by being as cheap again, we might employ our immense forests in the Pyrennees and the Vosges to great advantage. The danger arising from springing leaks is entirely avoided; and by the lightness of the timber, our armed vessels might be made to sail as fast as our present frigates. In short, the use of oak timber might be entirely confined to the navy; consequently we should have it much cheaper; and the economy in the construction of merchantmen is a very material object, as they might not require any repairs for twelve or fifteen years. Though line of battle ships could not be built of fir, yet the navy might use it for vessels armed en flûte, and for hospital ships attached to a squadron."

M. D. does not state whether the red or white fir is preferable.



*Cheap Glazing for Pottery.*

From an "Essay on the Improvement of Pottery in General," by C. R. Jouselin, manufacturer at Nevers, we learn, that the author has established a manufactory on his own principles, and announces a discovery of a new method of enameling or glazing, composed of materials so cheap, that the enamel, which costs the manufacturer at present 320 livres for one batch, will not amount to more than 20 livres.

*Process of Soap.*

Count Rumford has made a new application of the process of heating water by steam, to the manufacturing of soap. By this means, he has succeeded in boiling soap to a proper degree in six hours, which, in the common mode, required sixty. He is of opinion, that this saving of time is partly owing to the concussions given to the mixture of oil and lie by the heated vapour forced into it, and suddenly condensed.

## VINE-LEAF TEA.

*To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.*

SIR,—From the experiments I have tried, I find that, on being dried, which should be done in the shade, the leaves of the vine make an excellent and an extremely wholesome tea, though somewhat different, both in taste and flavour, from that commonly used. I have also found that, besides being admirably calculated for making vinegar, the prunings of the vine, on being bruised and put into a vat, or mashing-tub, and boiling water poured on them, in the same way as is done with malt, produce a liquor of a fine vinous quality; which, on being fermented, forms a fine substitute for beer, and which, on being distilled, produces a very fine spirit, of the nature of brandy. As this is the season for pruning the vine; many thousand cart loads of which are, year after year, thrown away as useless, where there are not goats to eat them; and the idea here suggested is not only new, but of high importance to the inhabitants of this country, particularly at the present juncture, your inserting it in your highly useful and interesting work will oblige,

Sir, your constant reader, and most humble seavant,

JAMES HALL.

June 11th, 1808.

*On a remarkable Property of Steel.*

SIR,—The following curious fact not being generally known, I take the liberty of communicating it, that among the numerous readers of your valuable work it may meet with an explanation.

There is a fault in most candles, viz. that of not having the cottons properly disposed, and of the same length throughout, which causes what is commonly called a thief, from its wasting the tallow in its descent down the candle. Now the effect of steel is such, that if you lay any piece of that metal, as the snuffers, on the opposite side of the candle to that on which the thief is, in such a manner that it may touch the candle, where it meets the candlestick in the socket, it will not only stop the progress of the thief down the candle, but will cause it to be taken up and consumed in the flame itself.

In hopes that through the medium of your valuable magazine, I may learn in what way the steel thus acts,

I am, sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

February 9, 1809.

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Mr. Campbell's new poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, or the *Pennsylvanian Cottage*, is on the eve of publication.

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The Reports of the Preventive Medical Institution at Bristol, which have been some time expected, were left in a certain degree of forwardness by the late Dr. Beddoes: and they will be completed and published, as soon as possible, by Mr. King and Dr. Stock. The former gentleman has been surgeon to the institution from its commencement.

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Lord Valentia has printed two volumes of his *Travels*. The whole will appear about May or June next, in 3 quarto volumes.